

Notes of a Visit to America :

Eleben Lectures,

BY

EPHRAIM TURLAND.

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"How great the task of statesmen wise and just,
Who duly weigh the value of the trust,
To whom a land, confiding in their zeal,
Commits each interest of the common weal!
Each selfish thought, though to the bosom dear,
Must be dismissed, and leave the vision clear
To shape their course by Honour's truthful charts,
And fathom statutes with impartial hearts.
With minds impress'd that governments, to thrive,
Must from the govern'd every power derive,
They guide their bark with skillful hands between
Despotic gulfs and anarchy's demesne,
Yet feel themselves but as the public voice,
To speak, when told, what is the people's choice.
In any land, with such instructors blest,
Will safety reign, and peace become its guest."

*From "Our Centennial," by D. P. Smith,
of Mount Vernon, Home of Washington.*

PREFACE.

For many years urgently pressed by a relative and namesake to visit him in America, I put it off from time to time, and at last decided to go in the Centennial Year, 1876.

These lectures were delivered at Ainsworth within three months from my return. Nos. 1 to 5 were given on week-evenings in the school-room; the others were delivered on Sundays in the chapel—with the exception of the concluding lecture, the substance of which was given as an address at the welcome-party which was held on my return.

The motto from D. P. Smith's work is taken from a copy which was presented to me from the author—a copy which, therefore, I specially prize.


The typographical errors which occur are noted at the end of the volume.

Amongst the Subscribers are many members of the Established Church. I know them well enough to feel quite sure that they will not be offended with me because, here and there in this book, I have bluntly expressed my personal opinion in relation to the Establishment Question. I am, at the least, certain that they will be able to pardon me.

My friends will read these lectures with affectionate leniency; and those whom I do not number amongst my friends will, I trust, bear in mind, as they read, that these pages were written for delivery, and that they are now published as they were publicly spoken.

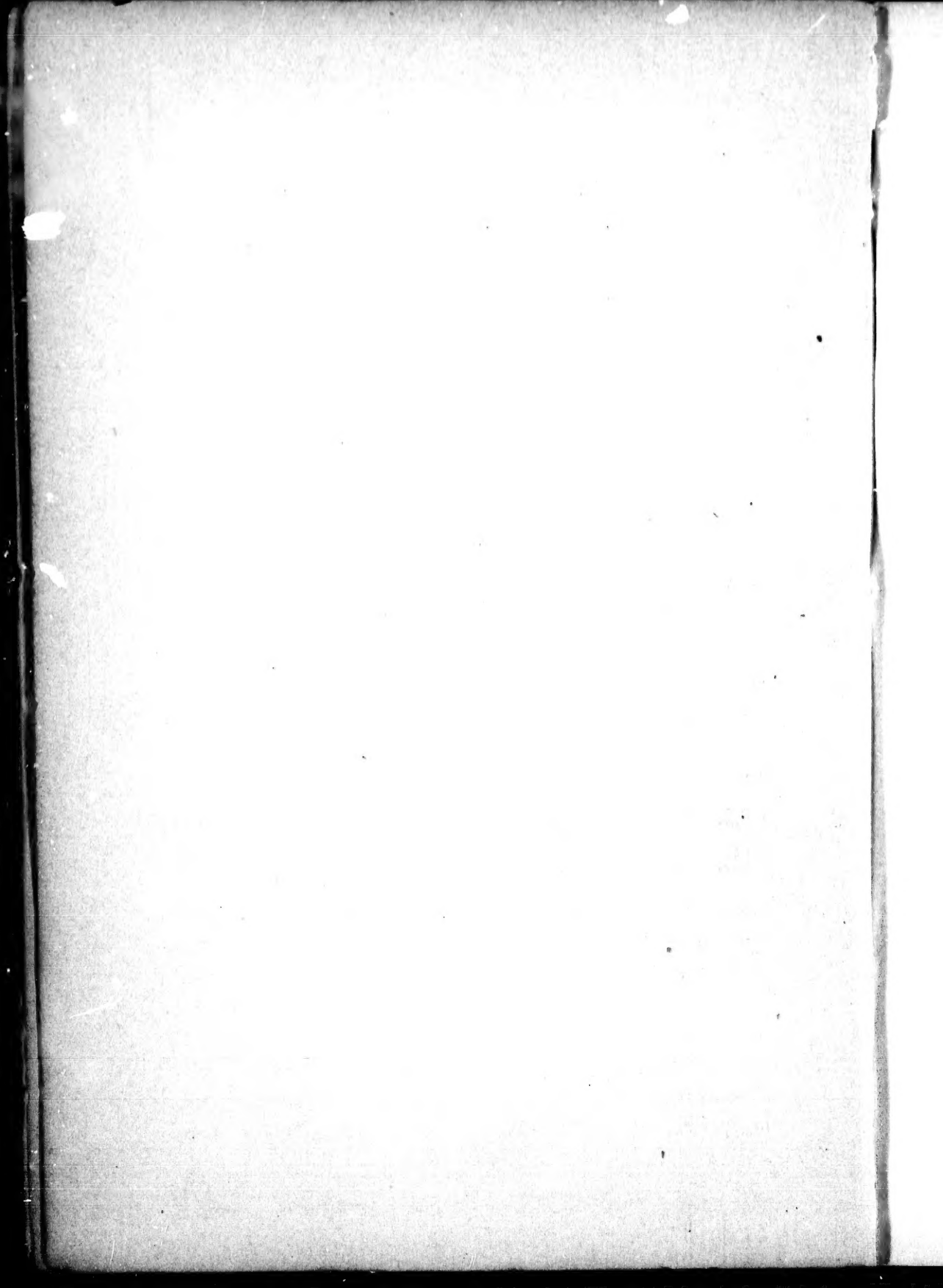
E. T.

Ainsworth, April, 1877.



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LECTURE I.

The Voyage Out.

ANY one who for many months has toiled regularly and faithfully at some hand-work gains great benefit from even a brief visit to Blackpool, Southport, Scarborough, or some other of our numerous sea-side resorts, and returns thence refreshed and strengthened for further labour. Just so, one who has toiled long at some brain-work needs rest and change from time to time, and is renewed and re-created by a tour which gives him new scenes, new thoughts, and new power for his work. For myself, I can say that I greatly needed some such change as I have recently had in my visit to America, and that I have felt extremely refreshed and reinvigorated by it. I saw a little and thought much while I was away; and now that I have returned in safety to my friends and to my work here, I want to tell you something of what I saw and thought. I want to tell you, in a series of addresses, how things went on with me, and what are my impressions of the New World. For a New World it is

out there in the west—a world sprung from the Old, but with new features—a world based on the Old, and made up, in the main, of men who are our relatives and friends, speaking our language, and reading our books, but trying a new experiment in Government, and on their trial (as it were) before humanity with respect to what they have been able to do and to achieve during the one hundred years of their existence as an independent nation. You hear and read about America day by day. The eyes of men in every clime are, in this its Centennial Year, turned towards the Evening Land. So I venture to cherish a full and perfect confidence that the absorbingly interesting nature of the subject of these addresses will both persuade and compel you to listen with the utmost attention to what I have to say.

It seems to me rather a long wandering. I, who never before in my life went more than a few hundred miles at a time, now look back upon a journey of close upon ten thousand miles. Time was when an Englishman was content with a very short trip. A few miles satisfied him. A journey from the North to London could only be undertaken after much thought and deliberation, long and painful preparation. The journey itself was slow and tedious in the extreme. When made, it was an event to be talked about for the rest of the man's life. Of late years, however, there has been a change. We have become more adventurous. We go further afield. A journey of three thousand miles is little more than one of three hundred used to be. A voyage across the Atlantic is now regarded by some as a mere trip,—by some, I say—perhaps by many,—not by all, however, by

any means. There are many who, according to the old saying, have never been out of sight of the smoke of their own chimney. There are those who have never been ten miles away from home in all their lives. There are people living in the hilly districts of the North and of Derbyshire who have never yet seen a railway train, and who cannot be brought to understand what it is like. Then, water is an especially fearful "lion in the way." Many who can travel pretty well by land are poor sailors. The salt water takes all the life and spirit out of them in an hour or two. I am free to confess that I myself am a poor sailor. Indeed, you might almost point to me as a typically bad sailor, with a cat-like aversion to water. There is an old saying, "The cat loves fish, but will not wade to catch them:" just so, though I had for years wished and longed to see with my own eyes that America of which we have heard so much—that land which is so far from us and yet so near, so closely related,—it was only little by little that I could "screw" my "courage to the sticking point," and summon up sufficient fortitude and daring to make the attempt to cross. One person, since I returned home safely, said, as she grasped my hand, "Well, a ne'er thowt yo'd get safe to th' fur end." I may candidly tell you that there lurked some such suspicion and fear in my own secret heart of hearts. Another said I must be very hard-hearted to think of going so far away from a wife, a son, and a mother. On the contrary, I felt very soft-hearted about it. It was only with thought and time, and after ample conference with "the powers that be," that I could entertain the idea; and when I went I felt just the very opposite of

hard and unfeeling. I knew there were perils, and I dreaded them. I knew that, even with the ocean steam navigation of these modern days in place of the slow fitful motion of an old sailing craft, the voyage is yet a formidable thing. You may venture to believe me when I say that if there had been an overland route I should have gone that way. If I could have had dry land all the distance I would gladly have done the whole trip as a pedestrian. But we must take things as we find them. It was "Hobson's choice:" either brave the waves and see America, or else stay at home as before. I fixed it to go. I decided to trust my precious life to the custody of an American steamer. So, promptly and in good time, I secured a saloon passage in the "Pennsylvania," sailing from Liverpool on Wednesday, the 24th of June.

The weeks went on ; the day drew near ; and I found myself in the busy port.

What an animated scene is that when the passengers' luggage is being conveyed across the landing-stage to the Tender, and when the passengers and their friends hurry on board, the Tender then seeming quite crowded ! Away we glide to the ocean steamer which lies out in the river. The trunks are tossed on board the huge vessel. The moment approaches when all who are not to sail must return to shore. Then what leave-takings ! What an anxious tearful time it is ! Some seem to be alone—to have no friends to bid them farewell and God-speed ; and they lean over the side and gaze on the scene, sadly or stolidly as the case may be, and view the shore which will soon be invisible. Husbands and wives, parents and children, lovers, friends, and acquaintances, are uttering

their last adieus. Handkerchiefs wave ; tears flow ; there are smiles ; there is laughter ; there are ringing cheers. We are borne away from our native land ; the city becomes hazy and phantom-like ; the shore grows dim ; we are to live on the water for ten or twelve days ; we are to cross the wondrous deep, and see another land. We shall skirt the coast of North Wales ; we shall round Holyhead ; we shall touch at Queenstown, pass along the south coast of Ireland, leave Cape Clear,—and then see no more land until the coast of New Jersey shall rise to view, and we steam into Delaware Bay, and ascend the river to Philadelphia.

It is an affecting thing to sail away from one's native land. As night came on I felt this specially.

“ Adieu, adieu ! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue ;
The night winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight ;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native land,—Good Night ! ”

Well, I was on board : that was an indubitable fact. There was no changing my quarters ; there was no escaping by the side gate ; there was no help for it ;—and the only thing to do was to make the best of things, look around me, enjoy myself, and get through the time. I went down to the saloon to view the drawing-room and dining-room quarters, and see what kind of state-room had been assigned to me. It is wonderful to note how comfortably they arrange things on these ocean-going steamers. The state-rooms or berths are all that can be desired, excepting as to size and steadiness. The saloon

is elegant, tasteful, and good, and just as comfortable and cozy as any land drawing-room can be—if you can only just except and pardon this abominable rolling twisting motion, which must assuredly, before this night shall have past away, knock down most of the passengers on board, myself inevitably included.

Ralph Waldo Emerson says that it is a good thing to have studious books at hand on board ship,—that classics, read drowsily on land, seem strangely interesting on sea. I tried this, and found it a complete failure, so far as I am concerned. Better have a thorough rest and change. If you try to read at all, it should be something light and easy. Conversation and games are the sensible thing on board ship. In these I engaged to some extent, and found in them great pleasure and a means of passing time happily.

The captain of this vessel is a good, cheerful, genial man and a thorough seaman. He did all he could to amuse us. He was a good hand at an American song, and often favoured us thus in our amateur concerts at evening time.

The various officers are a fine set of men. They know their business and attend to it. There are about sixty passengers in the saloon ; and there are about five hundred people on board, all told. I like the faces around me. No doubt we shall get on tolerably well together. No matter what people may be on land,—no matter how harsh, suspicious, or disagreeable they may be on shore,—I suppose that most persons try to be as agreeable as possible, and to make the time pass as pleasantly as possible, on board ship,—knowing that here

they are thrown into enforced companionship for a time—that a sea voyage is a monotonous thing at the best—and that passengers do not belong to themselves, but have social duties and responsibilities.

I will say at once that I was not disappointed. Social matters turned out well. It has never been my happiness to be thrown into the midst of a pleasanter or more agreeable set of people than those who crossed with me in the *Pennsylvania*. The majority of them was composed of Americans who had been travelling in Europe, and who were returning to their own country in time for the 4th of July celebrations.

Americans patronise this American Line of steamers. It is the only line which sails under the American flag. It is the only line which has been built of exclusively American materials. All the wood and iron—every minutest thing which contributes to the make-up of this vessel—has been got in America. The American Mercantile Marine Law is not favourable to ship-building. Thus, though there are other American lines of steamers plying between that land and Europe, they have been built in Europe, and they display a European flag;—and most of the lines of steamers are not American at all: they are European in every sense. The vessel on which I find myself is a good one, well-built, thorough in every part. It is a vessel of 3500 tons burden. It burns forty-five tons of coal a day. Its reputation is perhaps not quite so good as is that of the other vessels of this line: for it has had two mishaps. Once, in mid-ocean, a terrible storm came on, which tore away the bridge, sweeping the captain and a couple of officers overboard. At another

time, on the European voyage, after the captain's responsibility had ceased, the conduct of the vessel being in the hands of the pilot, she was run upon a sand-bank near Holyhead, and it took two days or so to get her off. These mishaps tell nothing against the quality of the vessel, which is exceptionally good. I was glad to find myself on such a ship. It seemed more romantic to go to America in an American vessel than in one which was European.

I was pleased, too, to be able to study Americans before I reached their country. We had all kinds of people on board. We were a mixed and mingled set. Apart from the steerage and the intermediate sections—in which parts of the ship Frenchmen, Germans, and Scandinavians were almost as numerous as the English-speaking people—one may say that all theologies, all shades of politics, many nationalities, all temperaments and tendencies, were mixed up in the cabin of that ship. The mingling was real, if only temporary. We were “a happy family.” We had all types of Americans there:—cool, shrewd, hard-working business men, who had made many bargains (probably very 'cute ones) in their time; scholarly and polished travellers, who had read, studied, and thought much; “Young America,” wiser than his parents, having travelled everywhere, seen everything, learned everything, with an opinion on every subject, which opinion must take precedence of any other which any other person might be inclined to express; clever spinners of long and wonderful yarns, of which they possessed an inexhaustible stock or could manufacture an endless number; ladies whose chief thought seemed to be of bonnets and dresses, and who, as

wives, would certainly soon ruin any husbands of only limited means; other ladies who were well-read, scholarly, and intellectual, with intelligent opinions on matters as to which they are not allowed to vote, with capacity for all studies—even the most abstruse, and possessing more knowledge than many titled men can boast. We passengers had considerable and almost ceaseless conversation, not only of the ordinary chit-chat and tea-table description, but also friendly dialectics of a social, political, literary, scientific, or theological cast. Almost all, from the captain downwards, contributed something to the general fund. In spite of all sea-sickness we were happy.

I must say, however, that whenever I use that compound word “sea-sickness” it gives me a fit of the horrors, even yet. It is a dreadful, loathsome thing. Some had it worse than others; some bewailed it, while others made light of it; but only three or four of those that were in the cabin escaped it, and they were children or youths. Some who laughed at it, said it was a matter of fancy and the nerves, and declared that for their part they believed in the force of *will*, looked very pale, melancholy, and wretched now and then, retreated precipitously into their state-rooms to find a book (transparent pretence!), or mysteriously disappeared to the side of the vessel or behind the wheel-house—to study the waves at their leisure or to sacrifice to Neptune there. The motion, which was a complication of pitching, rolling, and twisting, was something frightful at the time and in the remembrance. It overcame almost all. People who had crossed the ocean with impunity on previous occasions found this trip one too many for them. So they kept me

in countenance. I was not alone in my misery. We were companions in misfortune.

Then you always have the consolation of knowing that the sea-sickness is doing you good. Even when you are lowest in spirits, and are making your very ugliest face about the matter, even then you know that it is doing you good. For my own part, I certainly think it did me no harm, but rather the reverse. In spite of it all, too, we, as I say, enjoyed ourselves.

Some days we saw no vessel: other days we sighted several. There was a shoal of whales at a distance: some came near. Myriads of huge unwieldy porpoises played lively games in the water. At night the moonlight danced on the waves. With wondrous phosphorescent gleam in our track we ploughed our way along.

There is something very grand and terrible about the ocean. I gazed out on the foam-capped tumultuous waves with feelings which cannot be described. I am not so foolish as to attempt to picture the ocean to you: I can simply repeat to you the well-known lines (which I said over to myself as I stood entranced)—

“ Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean,—roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin : his control
 Stops with the shore : upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed. . . .
 Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee ;
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they ?
 Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou :
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play ;
 Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow :
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.”

I had the privilege of preaching in the saloon on the two Sundays (June 18th and June 25th) over which our voyage lasted. The service was open to passengers from any part of the vessel. About sixty were present on the first Sunday and about ninety on the second occasion. The captain read the American Episcopal Liturgy. I did not feel well enough for much public speaking; but I just went on and did the best I could. The text on the 8th of June was "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." We all did just that; or, at least, we rejoiced literally and we wept figuratively. We sympathised all round.

What a pleasure it was to us to see American land! A passenger raised a laugh one day by saying, in answer to a question from the steward as to what he should get for him, that of all things he should like best a few square yards of dry land. At last, then, land was sighted. This was on Sunday, the 25th of June. The said land was the New Jersey coast. The much-frequented watering-place called Long Branch was just a little too far north for us to see; but, bye and bye, the dim coast-line became more distinct: we discerned Atlantic City, a fashionable resort of Philadelphians; further on, Cape May was clearly visible. We passed Cape Henlopen in Delaware, and steamed into Delaware Bay as far as the Breakwater. As it was too late to pass the Philadelphia Customs that evening, we anchored in Delaware Bay for the night—a rather tantalising thing, it is true, for the numerous Americans on board who were eager to see their friends; but so it was: it could not be helped; and "what can't be cured must be endured."

At half-past five o'clock next morning we were on our way. Leaving Barnegat Bay and its Lighthouse, we went slowly up the Delaware. This is a noble river, broad and ample. By comparison and contrast, it dwarfs our British rivers into the dimensions of mere creeks and brooks. There is the New Jersey coast to our right, and a perfect panorama of beauty on the left or Delaware bank. The ground gently sloped up from the water's edge. It was well-wooded. Houses were dotted about in picturesque confusion. Fields of mown grass were interspersed. To gaze on land where Indians once roamed, and which has been consecrated by the memory of Penn—to note busy cities, such as Wilmington, Newcastle, and Chester—all this was continual delight. Wilmington is a large thriving place—an important manufacturing town. It is said that Chester was the earliest settled town in Pennsylvania. For a long time it was a quiet stand-still place; but it has looked up lately, and is now a busy hive of industry. There is no speciality in its trade; but the inhabitants manufacture a little of everything.

The graceful tower of the military academy is visible, enthroned in verdure, on a gentle elevation at a distance on our left. We saluted the establishment, and the courtesy was returned. We saw numerous fishing-boats, with their nets, of immense size, cast abroad on the calm water. By the Delaware bank, but seeming far away, a numerous assemblage of negro boys were bobbing up and down and swimming round in the water, enjoying their bath considerably.

A gaily painted steamer, called "the Amanda Powell," met us in the river, bearing a number of the passengers'

friends. These came on board, being too impatient to stay till we reached the wharf. What shaking of hands, what whispering, what laughing, what kissing, there was the rest of the way! Most of the passengers were by this time dressed in as summery a way as possible, in expectation of landing. We could see the Centennial towers and the towers and spires of the city. Passing the spot where the Schuylkill flows into the Delaware, one notices on the left bank of the Schuylkill a large grain elevator, for the trade of the Red Star Line of steamers sailing between Philadelphia and Antwerp.

Delightful it was to me to see the wharf—to strain my eyes to distinguish the figures on shore—to see, at length, the relative to visit whom was the particular object of my voyage. What a treat to step on shore and feel myself in America!

I cannot say it was a treat to have trunks, boxes, and parcels tossed about and examined by the officers of the customs. Still, they have their official duty to perform, and it is no use grumbling at it. They are courteous to all who are courteous to them, and they gave me comparatively little trouble—far less than had been kindly prophesied by some old travellers on board.

Away to the telegraph office, to send a brief message to “the old folks at home,” and then away still further to rest and sleep—my first night in a strange and foreign yet familiar and home-like land. I had not to go as a stranger to some public hotel: it was my happiness to be received by friends and to be treated as though I had been still at home.

LECTURE II.

Philadelphia.

I AM to speak to-night of Philadelphia. I shall speak of this place with more confidence, and more authoritatively, than I shall be able to speak of any other American city. I sailed to the Port of Philadelphia because the relatives whom I went to visit live there. I stayed in that city several weeks. It seems quite familiar to me. I think I know my way about in it. I feel quite at home there.

People sometimes say that all cities are alike—that when you have seen one you have seen all—and that, in fact, as regards cities, there is “nothing new under the sun.” That statement is true, and it is also false. All cities have, of course, much in common—present certain features in common; but each place has also its peculiarities, its specialities, and its distinctive features. Certainly Philadelphia is, in some respects, unlike all other cities which I have ever visited. It is the most American of all

American centres of population. Of all American cities it is the least like the typical English town.

It is "the Quaker City." The Friends have been the dominant influence in it all along until within the last few years. Their influence made it characteristically a quiet, dull, sleepy sort of place. Its name "Philadelphia" means "brotherly love." It is the city of brotherly love; and that name denotes the one main characteristic of the Friends. All through their history they have believed in brotherly love. They have been friends of man. They have worked for every noble cause. They have befriended the poor and the oppressed. Their influence has been out of all proportion to their numbers. The world has good cause to-day to honour the name of the gentle Quakers who have done so much in the past, and who are still so active, on behalf of the moral well-being of mankind.

The city is situated in the area of the confluence of the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, in the eastern part of the State of Pennsylvania. The ground is not absolutely flat, but rises gently to the north.

It is a bright, cheerful place—a large, busy, thriving city. The last census was in the year 1870, and it gave the population as 674,022. The estimated population on the 1st of April, 1876, was 817,448.

The vital statistics for 1875 show that the deaths were 22½ in the thousand. The chief prevailing disease is consumption. There are many causes of this. Philadelphians seem to prefer hot rooms to healthy exercise—to believe in roasting themselves in front of hot stoves rather than braving the fresh air—and to prefer riding to walking. But, whatever may be thought as to the cause, there is the fact.

Consumption is the prevailing and most fatal disease in the city.

The trade of Philadelphia is large, and is increasing. At one time it was very important; but people were sleepy, and it dwindled. It has lately taken a fresh start, and is going on rapidly. The establishment of lines of direct steam communication with Europe has been a good thing for the trade of the place. You may learn the condition of its commerce from the following facts: the exports from the Port of Philadelphia to foreign countries during the year 1875 amounted in value to 31,936,727 dollars, 17,819,798 dollars of that sum being the value of the exports to the British Isles. The Imports from foreign countries into the Port of Philadelphia during the same year amounted to 23,457,334 dollars, 12,318,666 dollars of that sum representing the value of articles imported from Great Britain during the year. These figures are reliable. They are taken from the last report of the Philadelphia Board of Trade, presented on the 24th of January, 1876. They show us that Philadelphia does a considerable trade, and that more than one-half of its total commerce is with Great Britain.

The manufactures of the city and neighbourhood are various. I will briefly particularise the cotton and iron trades. There are many cotton mills about. They reminded me of Ainsworth, where I am now speaking. Passing one evening through Manayunk—a manufacturing quarter of Philadelphia, nine miles to the north of the busiest portion of the city—it was pleasing to see the crowds of young women streaming out of the mills at six o'clock, when their day's weaving was over, and hurrying along the side walks.

I looked on them with more interest than I can put into words. They transported me home in a moment. "In my mind's eye, Horatio," I could see the old scenes once again.

Going along Broad-street one afternoon, I looked in at a large iron-foundry and locomotive manufactory. Much of the railway work of the district is done there. Dom Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil, had been there a few days before, and had ordered a considerable number of locomotives in the American style for use on existing or projected lines of railway in Brazil. Mentioning his name reminds me of the strange adoring eagerness with which Republican Americans will run after any Royal Personage who happens to cross their path. Dom Pedro is, doubtless, a scholarly and good man, with a sincere desire to benefit his country; but it appears to make no difference in the fervour of American homage when the Royal Person is a cruel blood-thirsty adventurer like Don Carlos. I know a little of his receptions in Philadelphia. Fresh from Spain, with his hands dyed deep-red in the blood of Spanish men, he had gone to the States to acquire "the needful" before proceeding to Cuba, to continue his trade of destruction there. My own opinion is that Royal scoundrels ought not to be treated any better than common villains are; and I certainly did feel disappointed and vexed when I learned that Americans are so eager to do homage to a royal fiend.

The size of Philadelphia is something enormous. Though its population is not so large as that of New York, its area is larger than that of any other city in the Union. It covers an immense site. There is plenty of

ground. There is no crowding. Houses are spun out most liberally. Its streets are regularly laid out, and run—for the most part—either due east and west or else due north and south, crossing one another at right angles. Those running east and west are called by various names: such as Market-street, Chestnut-street, Walnut-street, and so on. Those running north and south are numbered, beginning from the Delaware river on the east. There is Front-street or First-street, then Second-street, Third-street, and so on, right away far west across the Schuylkill river. Market-street is the principal business thoroughfare. Fourteenth-street, generally called Broad-street, crossing Market-street at right-angles, is of great length. The length of that street, from south to north, is fourteen miles and a half. The densely-built-up portion of the city is now about seven miles in extent, north and south, and from three to four miles in width, east and west. That is surely a big city—so large as to be perfectly bewildering, were it not for the way in which the streets are laid out—a system so clear and simple that by means of it any stranger can, with comparative ease, find his way to any part. Any address can be readily found, because the streets are numbered regularly, cross one another regularly, and you regularly find one hundred numbers of houses in each block or square, or, at least, that each block begins with the unit of a hundred.

I confess that the streets of Philadelphia are too straight and too systematic to suit me. They are American, not English. I like a little variety in streets. Our English streets, no doubt, wind about so as to perplex travellers; but each has a physiognomy of its own—some-

thing by which you may recognise it as an old friend. It has been formed as homes have been reared. Individual tastes have had room to exercise themselves. Philadelphian streets, in respect to their extreme straightness, rigidity, and system run mad, are monotonous, dreary, and unpoetical in the extreme. Fancy a street fourteen miles and a half long, with not a crook or a turn in it anywhere. "It is a long lane that has no turning," says the old proverb;—well, then, all I can say is—there is many a long lane in the Quaker City.

The pavement is simply abominable. Soft brick is a poor material to walk on: hard paving-stone is far better. The brick wears into holes every yard or two, so that pedestrianism becomes a somewhat perilous acrobatic exercise. If you ever go to America, and do not want to break your neck, I pray you to walk carefully on the streets of Philadelphia.

There is one thing which relieves the monotony. In most principal streets, excepting Market-street, poplar, sugar-maple, and other trees are planted at frequent intervals near the edge of the pavement. These make the roads shady, green, and fresh to a stranger's eye,—they are very agreeable objects in this which is perhaps the hottest city in the Northern States,—and they especially struck me as I walked about, or as I rode along in one of the comfortable street-cars for which this city is so famous, and in which you can be quickly transported to any part of the place. There are three thousand of them in the city. They are like the tram-way cars in Birkenhead. They run very frequently—every three minutes on the chief routes. For seven cents you can ride to some point

within easy distance of any part of this huge place. By a system of "exchange tickets," costing nine cents each, you can pass from line to line, and go to the very door of your friend's house. They are very convenient. They are a great advantage to the city. They save time. Also, they are a gigantic contrivance for saving people's legs, and bringing on various indispositions which naturally result from lack of bodily exercise.

The railways are peculiar. There is no protection of wall or embankment on either hand. The lines are on a level with the streets. Rows of houses, or workshops, or stores, are visible to the right and the left. The rail goes along one street, and crosses others at right angles to their course. The locomotive bell rings continually. When the "Go ahead!" has been uttered at the Depot or Station away the steam-cars dash; and people just have to look out. If they value their legs, arms, and skulls, they have to keep their eyes open, and maintain a bright look-out at the street-crossings to see if there is a train coming or not. It is a rule for street-car conductors to get out at every railway crossing, to see if the coast is clear. Passing at times, in contemplative absorbed mood, along the so-called pavement, I was on the point of crossing, when suddenly the sound of the locomotive bell smote my ear. I looked—and lo! a train of cars was tearing along in my direction. But it is all right, practically speaking. Accidents are rare. People get used to it—just as they become accustomed to the roar of machinery, the din of hammers, the clang of bells, the tumult of rushing waters, or the indescribable noise of the screw or the fog-whistle on board ship.

Philadelphia has been called "the city of homes." It deserves the name. The number of its houses is immense. People rarely live in "flats:" they have separate houses. You rarely find a tenant: an enormous number of the inhabitants have houses of their own. People who in Europe would pay weekly rent, and never dream of possessing a house, are—there—cottage proprietors. There are six hundred building societies in the place, and most of them have done an extensive business.

The population is of a mixed and mingled nature. The vast majority of the people are native English-speaking Americans. Very many are English-speaking emigrants from Great Britain.

The German population is large. I found many churches, and attended public worship in one, where the whole service is in the German language. There are two German newspapers coming out regularly,—one of them, viz., "*Der Philadelphia Demokrat*," having a good circulation. In one "dry-goods store," well known to me, the German customers are so numerous that it is found necessary to have half-a-dozen German-speaking young ladies in the store to wait upon the German people. So far as I could learn, it seems clear that the Germans in the city, as a class, do not care much about church-going, have got clear away from the Puritan theory of Sunday observance, are fond of "*Lager Bier*" (of which they imbibed incredible quantities, and which, in spite of what some persons say, is intoxicating, if you only take enough of it,—I speak from theory and observation, not from practice and experience—), and are the consumers of the major portion of the tobacco which is sold within the area

of the city,—quite clear, also, that, as a body, they are good, honourable, upright, and highly-respected citizens.

The number of coloured people in the city is comparatively small, but positively large. Most of them are labourers, carters, porters, and the like. Some have got on, acquired wealth, display that wealth in personal finery, and cut a figure—though not a tasteful or graceful one. Negroes and Negresses are treated well in Philadelphia. They are not tabooed and scorned by the whites. They ride in public cars side by side with white men and women. The prejudice which undoubtedly existed at one time against the black man is dying out. It is found that, with cultivation and training, he is capable of everything which a white man can accomplish. Coloured people often occupy high and honoured positions. It is seen that the negro is a man—that he belongs to the one great human family and brotherhood—and that he stands in the same relation to the Great Spirit as is occupied by white men. What a blessing it is that American slavery has ceased! What a good thing that the Republicans triumphed over the pro-slavery Democrats in the great struggle of sixteen years ago! What a disgrace it was to American Christianity that, for so many years, it sanctioned the cursed thing called slavery! What an instructive thing it is to note that, while orthodoxy proved from the Bible that slavery was God's will, the heresy of America opposed it with all its might, and has, at last, seen its downfall!

Several times, when walking about in Philadelphia, I noticed Chinese inscriptions on window-blinds, or on shutters, or as signs above the doors. Such places are

mostly laundries. The Chinese men are the best cooks and washer-women in the world. They are geniuses in all matters of joint, pudding, and pie; and they can wash, starch, and iron beautifully, and get up frills and laces to perfection. The only difficulty seems to be that when people send things to be washed they are never sure of getting them back again. Articles are, of course, easily lost; and Chinese Yang-sin or Fu-tze puts on an innocent look and says he really does not know anything about them. I do not know that we ought to be surprised to find Chinese people living in Philadelphia: for America is the hospitable home of all nations; and he who travels there must make up his mind to witness many a strange scene—startling from its utter novelty.

The Philadelphian "Public Buildings" (or Town Hall, as we should call them) are situated at the intersection of Broad-street and Market-street. They were in process of erection when I was there. It is a grand site. The materials are genuine. The work is good. There have, however (so it is reported), been contract intrigues; and much grumbling is heard as to the cost. The truth lies here:—a few will make a good thing out of the Public Buildings; those buildings will drain the purses of the citizens almost dry; and they will be the glory of the city ever afterwards.

Close by is the Masonic Temple. It is an imposing structure of white marble, with red granite for the base-ments of the pillars. It is a vast and complicated labyrinth. No thread of Ariadne, but a stout rope, pilots the visitor through. I am outside Freemasonry, do not understand its purpose, have never been initiated into its

secrets, and so do not understand the use of much which I saw. I could not comprehend why such a large place, or so much magnificence, was required. I have no doubt, however, that all the thrones, banners, organs, and devices, have a profound significance to the initiated. I saw a Corinthian Hall, an Ionic Hall, an Egyptian Hall, a Gothic Hall, a Norman Hall, and a Renaissance Hall—the architecture of each being characterised by its name. At intervals of two or three yards along the corridors and in the halls you see huge and monstrous spittoons. Scores of cards, hung on the walls, earnestly plead with the visitor to “Please use the spittoons.” I respectfully but firmly declined. I would rather not, thank you. As for your average American, he chews so much tobacco that spittoons are a dire and ugly necessity to defend the carpets from utter destruction and the walls from pitiable discolouration. I saw such things in churches. In several churches which I can call to mind spittoons are liberally distributed in vestibules, vestries, aisles, and pews. In one prominent church you see a notice as you enter the vestibule: “Gentlemen are requested not to spit upon the floor, but to use the spittoons.” Your true and genuine American spits as naturally as he breathes. The grave legislators in the House of Representatives and the Senate at Washington expectorate at the end of every striking sentence which they utter. Instead of the national emblem being a spread eagle it almost seems as though it ought to be a large spittoon. It has even been conjectured that the first thing which an American male infant does after birth is—not to cry, but—to spit. Seriously, I denounce this vile habit. It is a disgraceful,

injurious thing. It is making lungs a scarce article in the States. Expectorating Yankees voluntarily cast their lungs away.

How hot it was while I was in the States! The heat was something frightful. No such season has been known in America for nearly fifty years past. The hot spell began just as I got there; and it cooled off just when I had sailed away. It may perhaps be well for me, in view of future contingencies, to gradually get used to extreme heat; but, anyhow, it was rather oppressive. I will venture to say, in justice to myself, that I endured it pretty well. I did not complain so much as many Americans did. A slight heat-rash or eruption appeared on my hands for two or three days; but that passed away, and I felt no more. By dint of iced water, ice cream, lemonade, Chinese and Japanese fans, and the most perfect coolness and calmness about everything under the sun, I managed to get along, and even to enjoy myself very much. I do not approve of iced water. It is a bad thing. Americans kill themselves with it. There is a cooler in most houses. The demand for ice is awful and dreadful. The little, however, which I consumed only did me a little harm, and it certainly seemed cooling and refreshing for the time. The orthodox way of drinking lemonade is to suck it through a straw. Its cooling qualities are thus spun out to the greatest possible extent. I am persuaded that I frequently presented a ridiculous spectacle in this regard; but, as everybody around me was also in like manner ridiculous, I was lost in the mass.

“The merciful man is merciful to his beast:” so the Americans not only think of themselves in the hot weather:

they think of their horses. It was quite a common thing to see long thongs of leather fastened to the horses' backs, and falling down on either side, as they trudged their patient way along the rough streets. These thongs were useful for driving the flies away. Many a street horse had, also, an umbrella fixed up over its head to shade it from the hot burning rays of the sun.

As the heat became worse, ranging round the Centennial figure, and at times reaching 108 or 110 in the shade, it struck me that a change was desirable: so one Saturday afternoon away we steamed down the Delaware to Cape May, on the New Jersey Coast. It is quite a little city—a much-frequented place. People go there from great distances. The Stockton and Congress Hall are specimens of the vast, grand, and gorgeous style of hotels in which the Americans seem to delight. It was cooler in Cape May than it had been in the City. A dip in the sea seemed delightful. The bathing dress in vogue is graceful and pretty. I should suppose there would be about a thousand people in the water at the time when I was having my small swim. The friends who accompanied us on this trip were an agreeable set of people. Bank Directors can talk about other things besides the rate of exchange; and a General who had fought for the North in all the principal battles in the war of the union was able to contribute much to conversation which I considered decidedly worth listening to and joining in. Two or three days before we were at Cape May it was infested by mosquitoes. A land breeze had brought them in from the woods. A sea breeze sprang up and took them away just before we got there. Very few, at least, were left. Two or three settled on my hand; but

I am glad to say they did not take a fancy to me. As my stay was to be short, and I was a stranger in the land, they kindly and considerably decided not to torment me: so they buzzed off, and left me in perfect peace.

Returning into the city across New Jersey (a flat, swampy, desolate region) we came upon one district in which the desert had been made to "rejoice and blossom as a rose." This was Vineland, the celebrated total abstinence settlement. There is secret drinking in the place; but there is no public drink traffic. The settlement is a success. For miles along the railway route, Indian corn, sweet potatoes, apple trees, peach trees, and (above all) vines, greet the eye which is tired of gazing on damp morass or stunted hickory bushes. These vines are planted in long rows, and they twine up poles like the hops in Kent and other parts of South England. The grapes furnished by the Vineland region are reputed good. Immense quantities of a kind of grape called "Concord" are carried by the freight cars to Philadelphia, for consumption by its inhabitants. The sight of the peach trees reminded me that New Jersey was once famous for its peaches, and that even now, though its production is comparatively small, and though it is eclipsed by Delaware and the South, it still maintains some reputation in this respect. My ride across New Jersey to Camden, which is on the east or New Jersey bank of the river Delaware, just opposite to Philadelphia, gave me my first real glimpse and idea of American soil; and I felt sure that, if American enterprise and energy could accomplish so much on a dreary inhospitable swamp, I should see still greater wonders in other parts of the States.

One afternoon I visited the Cherry Hill Prison, now called the Eastern Penitentiary. It is a large place, with over nine hundred cells. At the time of my visit there were 861 prisoners. Of that number only five were women. Some of the prisoners were well-educated, and the majority of them could read. There is a large library of 10,000 volumes for the use of the prisoners, and the books are well patronised. The separate and silent system prevails. No prisoner leaves his cell, excepting to promenade in the little yard at the rear of his cell and of precisely the same size. The prisoners have a specific task each day ; and all they do beyond that is reckoned to their account, and the money which they have thus earned is handed over to them when they leave the place. I was glad to find that there is no whipping in this prison. They can do without that. They do better without it than they could do with it.

Philadelphia can boast its Zoological Gardens—nothing like equal, of course, to those of London, but promising as a beginning. Many people go there ; and such a visit may certainly be made a means of education far more interesting—and, at the same time, far more thorough—than can be got from a book.

I attended several total abstinence meetings. They seemed to be a kind of mixture of total abstinence and revivalism. One man, who gave an excited, unintelligible address, afterwards figured somewhat prominently in the Peace meetings to which I shall refer in a minute. The only really good speech which I heard on total abstinence was delivered by Dr. Peddie, a Baptist clergyman of standing and repute in the city.

The Peace meetings in Carpenter's Hall were spoiled by two men who interfered with the programme, defied the chairman, and threw the assembly into disorder. One was an Indian who raved about Peace, spoke in an Indian dialect, translated what he had said into English, and then let loose a dove as the emblem of peace. A tall long-bearded man, well known in Philadelphia as a spiritualist, then "took the floor," dilated in warlike language on the subject of Peace, frightened the whole of the meeting, declared that he would resist by force of arms any attempt to put him down, and (according to next day's *Philadelphia Inquirer*) he drew a sword, and terrified completely out of their wits the few peace advocates who yet remained in the room. Most of the people, however, had quietly adjourned to dinner. One by one we all went out; and the said lunatic was left raving away for ten minutes or so in a well-nigh empty room. Such things as these spoiled the effect of able and sensible addresses from people like Mrs. Lucretia Mott, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and Mr. John Fretwell. There are, unfortunately, crazy people who hang upon the skirts of every progressive movement, who are a weakness and a disgrace to it, and who simply succeed in making the movement itself seem absurd.

The Woman's Rights question was agitated in Philadelphia while I was there. At a meeting in the Horticultural Hall in Broad-street, held to celebrate the Centennial anniversary of a decree of the New Jersey legislature in favour of woman suffrage, Miss Lucy Stone, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and others, pleaded, on various grounds, for woman suffrage. Miss Stone showed, in

most able, humorous. and argumentative style, the weakness of the pleas which are commonly urged against women's claims, and what woman has already been able to accomplish—in spite of the handicapping which has been going on for centuries—in spite, too, of all the obstacles which “the lords of the creation,” jealous for their own privileged position, have placed in her path.

I do not now tell you about my religious experiences in Philadelphia : I must leave them to be presented when I come to speak specially of “Religion in America.”

As the traveller walks or rides about he finds that there are many important suburbs, and that there is much beautiful scenery, round this city. There is Germantown—an important and fashionable quarter ; there is Nicetown ; there is Norristown ; there is West Philadelphia, the city having spread out far to the west across the Schuylkill river ; there is busy Manayunk, before mentioned ; for the lover of Nature there are delights up the Lehigh valley, and a perfect Paradise up the Wissahickon. No words of mine can worthily express the beauty, the romance, the entrancing loveliness, of the vale of the Wissahickon. The river winds ; the banks are wooded ; trees overarch and interlace ; the water is clear as crystal and the surface smooth as that of a highly-polished mirror—to use the time-honoured similes. Many who go up that valley go simply for the ride, the flirtation, or the “cat-fish” supper at the restaurant : to such the scene will not have its loftiest meaning ; but to high, romantic, poetic souls I confidently recommend the valley of the Wissahickon as one of the loveliest things on the beautiful earth.

At Chestnut Hill, beyond Germantown, I had the pleasure of meeting a Congregationalist minister of Northampton, in this country—a man known to me years gone by—a traveller, a scholar, and a gentleman. I do not know anyone whom I esteem more highly. What a delight, when three thousand miles away from one's home, to come across a man whom one has known amid the old scenes! How near becomes the distant spot! How old associations revive! How the heart is cheered!

Nine miles from Philadelphia is Shoemakertown. Robert Collyer, the poet-preacher of Chicago, the delight of the traveller's Sunday in that far-off empire-city of the Great West, once worked at Shoemakertown as a blacksmith. His old neighbours remember him yet with strange, deep, warm affection. One Sunday while I was in the neighbourhood he was to open a Hall for public meetings, principally in the interests of Peace. The rain poured down in torrents: still, a fair number assembled; and they listened to one of the simplest, deepest, richest, and most human addresses which have ever yet been delivered.

Philadelphia has its memories of great men. I do not refer to Stephen Girard, from whose benefaction Girard College is supported: because I do not look upon him as a great man, though his deed blesses the city continually. I refer to Benjamin Franklin and George Washington. If Boston wants to claim Franklin because he was born there in 1706, Philadelphia contends for him because he lived here, worked here as a printer, and died here in 1790. As you go along Arch-street you note some palisading, in lieu of wall, just to the east of Fifth-street.

Look through that palisading. There is a gravestone. You read the inscription, and you find that it is to the memory of Benjamin Franklin. Thousands of people have stayed their course in the busy street, and have peered through, and read the words, and honoured the memory of that shrewd, wise, industrious, and honourable man—have called to mind his work as a printer and writer or his labours as a statesman for the welfare and independence of his country.

I refer, also, to George Washington—a pure, high-souled man, father of his country, deliverer of the Colonies, first President of the States. In Second-street there is an old plain building called Christ Church. Washington once worshipped there. I entered reverently: for, in addition to the feelings naturally aroused by the house of prayer, a great man had been there before me. I am not a “hero-worshipper;” but I honour the great and good who have influenced the world beneficially. Great men may teach us much. In Longfellow’s often-quoted words—

“Lives of g. at men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.”

The apparitor took me to a seat which, he said, George Washington used to occupy. On the opposite side of the aisle, just one seat to the rear, Benjamin Franklin sat, listened, and thought. I sat in both those seats, and I tried to persuade myself and to realise that the apparitor was right, and that those men had really sat, and stood, and prayed in that place. Only with difficulty could I

tear myself away ; only slowly, and inch by inch, could I leave the building ;—but the busy streets recalled me to myself, and repeated examination of the State House (or Independence Hall, as it is now called), in Chestnut-street, brought back before me all those scenes and struggles of a hundred years ago which culminated in the signature of the Declaration of Independence on the Fourth of July, 1776. Enter the State-House from Chestnut-street. To the left of the entrance hall is Independence Chamber. It is a large square room, of moderate height. The portraits of America's political worthies adorn the walls. There is the very table on which the Declaration was signed. There is the very chair in which the President sat. From that chandelier light beamed down, a hundred years ago, upon brave, strong, true men, banded together to proclaim and secure their country's independence. Their cause was that of justice against injustice, popular rights and the essential principles of our constitution against the arbitrary tyranny of a Government which refused to listen to any representations or to remove any grievances. To my thinking, the Colonists were right and the English Government was wrong. Pitt, Burke, and other statesmen pleaded the cause of the colonists and denounced the Government policy. It was a good thing that the colonists triumphed and achieved their independence. If it had not been for arbitrary tyranny and blind stupidity we should not have lost those colonies : they would have been ours to-day ; or if they had separated from us it would have been in perfect amity and brotherhood, and simply because they had reached their maturity and had become able to stand alone ;—but

better far a violent sunderance which establishes a nation than an enforced despotism which degrades free men into slaves. I will freely confess that on the 4th of July last I rejoiced with the Americans in their joy. Though an Englishman, I was at home there. My heart beat time with theirs. Nothing pained me. All things were welcome :—the torchlight procession, between three and four miles long, on the evening of the 3rd of July,—the fireworks, costing ten million dollars, let off in Fairmount Park on the evening of the 4th,—and the various public meetings which were held in honour of the time, especially those in the shady and pleasant square at the rear of the State-House on Saturday, the 1st, and Tuesday, the 4th, of the month. All were welcome. It was natural that the Americans should celebrate the triumphant issue of their forefathers' struggles. It was natural that there should be special celebrations on this the hundredth anniversary of the great event. All the speeches delivered in these meetings were very moderate, respectful, and affectionate towards the England of the present day. Those who imagine that the Americans are bitterly hostile to England are quite wrong and make a great mistake. There are, doubtless, some Americans who feel ill towards us—just as, it must be confessed, there are some English people who have never forgiven America for the success which she gained a century ago ; but the Americans, as a nation, are well-disposed towards the English. The mass of Americans respect and love this people. The English nation, likewise, as a nation, has nothing but good will and good wishes for America on this Centennial occasion. The English and the Americans are one people. Their

interests are not diverse and conflicting : they coincide, and are identical. May the English and the Americans always be one in spirit ! May there be so much common-sense in their midst that no human fire-brands, whose interest lies in slaughter, may ever be able to destroy their mutual peace ! Between the European and the Transatlantic branches of the Anglo-Saxon race may there always subsist that which the word “ Philadelphia ” denotes—viz., “ brotherly love ! ”



LECTURE III.

The Centennial Exhibition.

EXHIBITIONS or World's Fairs belong to modern days. In old times, when Flanders monopolised one thing, Venice another, Genoa another, and so on, there was no idea of publicly exhibiting the products of industry. There was maintained, on the contrary, a policy of secrecy and suspicion. In these latter days it is found that the old exclusiveness can no longer be maintained; and it is discovered that exhibitions do good—that they stimulate industry, reward inventiveness, and bind nations together in some sort of brotherhood.

The first general fair or exhibition of modern times was probably that of France in 1798. This was followed by others in 1801, 1802, and 1806. War struggles made

such peaceful competitions impossible for a time; but they again revived, and were held in various places from 1819. Belgium held one in 1820, Ireland in 1829, Prussia in 1844, Austria in 1846, England in 1849, Bavaria in 1854, Holland in 1859, and Russia in 1872. These were all, however, on a comparatively small scale. The first exhibition meriting the name of World's Fair was that held in London in 1851. The citizens of New York followed in 1853, Paris in 1855, London again in 1862, Paris in 1867, and in 1873 Vienna opened the largest ever held up to that date. There was one at Santiago, in the Republic of Chili, in 1875. Next comes that of which I speak to-night, viz., the great Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, opened on the 10th of May, 1876, and designed to commemorate the close of the first century of the existence of the United States as an independent nation.

I call it a great affair. A writer in a local newspaper sneers at this word "great," as applied to the Centennial Exposition. He had merely one hasty glance at the thing. He felt bound by his "patriotism" to praise nothing and to find fault with everything. Because he saw some "cotton cops" which were, he says, not so good as some which he had seen in England, he says there have been far finer exhibitions held in England, and that he would not, for any consideration, go a second time to look at the Centennial. I look upon such talk as absurd. I regard it as a mean and despicable thing to refuse, from motives of patriotism, a word of hearty praise for the real success which America has achieved in this thing. More people have visited the Centennial than have been to any

other exhibition which the world has ever seen. The largest attendance on any one day was 109,915 persons at London in 1851, 123,017 at Paris in 1855, 173,923 at Paris in 1867, while 274,919 people went on one day to see the Centennial at Philadelphia. The total attendance for the whole period has also been larger at Philadelphia than has ever been known at any other exhibition. That total attendance has amounted to nearly ten millions—the precise number being 9,782,822. There is no doubt about it: the affair has been a success. All English people who are worthy of the name are large-minded enough and large-hearted enough to ungrudgingly congratulate America upon the progress she has made and the triumphs she has won.

This is the greatest, grandest exhibition ever held,—at least, so I think and maintain. The Americans speak somewhat extravagantly about it, no doubt; but they have cause to boast. They are a big people; they like to do things on a big scale; and in planning an exhibition to celebrate their Centennial they determined to beat all creation and outshine the sun. Uncle Sam did not come out very liberally with his money just at first; but the dollars have been got from *somewhere*: *some* people's pockets are the lighter; and now Brother Jonathan guesses this is about the largest thing in exhibitions which the world has seen; he calculates that it must astonish the Europeans considerably.

Well, it is, indeed, wonderful. One wonders where all the things have come from. Everybody seems to have taken part in it. All States and Territories of the Union have contributed; and most civilised nations (and some

which are not civilised) have officially joined in the competition. Those nations which have exhibited are the following:—Argentine Confederation, Australia, Belgium, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chili, China, Denmark, Ecuador, Egypt, France, Germany, Great Britain, Guatemala, Hawaii, Hayti, Honduras, Italy, Japan, Liberia, Mexico, Netherlands, Nicaragua, Norway, Orange Free States, Persia, Peru, Portugal, Russia, Siam, Spain, Sweden, Tunis, Turkey, United States, and Venezuela. Several of these have made liberal grants for the purposes of the exposition. In many cases, distinguished men, renowned for their knowledge and attainments, have been placed at the head of the several departments. Months'—and even years'—thought and toil have been necessary, on the part of many nations, to bring this thing to its perfection. Widely-differing peoples have united to give a greeting to America, to make her Centennial a success, and to be glad in her joy.

Philadelphia rejoiced in the possession of a most convenient and ample site for the celebration. Fairmount Park, where the Exposition has been held, is the largest of all public parks. It consists of nearly three thousand acres. The land is naturally varied, well-wooded, and beautiful. All is natural. The brooks, ravines, and hills are all natural. When I first visited the park I admired it very much. Subsequent visits, far from disenchanting the scene, served only to deepen my admiration.

I could not understand why the authorities of the city could be so liberal with the citizens' money as to set aside so much land for the purposes of a public park,—nor could I think that so large a space was necessary; but,

apart from the fact that land is so plentiful that Philadelphia can afford to be extravagant, one man explained to me that the thing is, in fact, a business speculation. The land was for sale cheap: the city bought it; and parts of it will, from time to time, be let off for business purposes. Thus there will always be a large park for the people, and, at the same time, there will be a continually-increasing income to the city arising from rents.

The park is so large that thousands of people may move about without incommoding one another. On days when over 250,000 people have been on the Exhibition Grounds (or, at least, in the area of the park) there has been no perceptible crowding, and locomotion has been easy. I enjoyed more than one quiet meditative ramble, without scarcely noticing the presence of the very numerous visitors from all parts of the globe. The solitude and peace of one evening are especially impressed upon my memory. I found myself in the north-east corner of the park, at Strawberry Mansion. I moved down two hundred yards towards the Schuylkill river, and looked down from the height on its silent waters—smooth, tranquil, and apparently at rest. Here and there a small boat glided along; now and then a carriage drove past, far below, between me and the river;—but nothing interfered with the essential serenity and impressiveness of the scene; and I stood entranced. It was a lovely view. I am not ashamed to confess that I am an ardent and enthusiastic lover of Nature. I do not shrink from the acknowledgment that nothing pleases me better than to look, and muse, and wonder, amidst the beauties and glories of the world. I recommend to all a loving study

of Nature. Such study will be extremely beneficial in many respects.

“ If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget ;
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills.”

Though so many people have come together from all parts to see the great exposition, Philadelphia finds no difficulty in accommodating them all. No matter how many enter the city, there is room for every one. The place deserves its title of the “ city of homes.”

The exhibition which I want to picture to your minds to-night is held in one part of Fairmount Park which has been boarded off for the purpose. The enclosing board fence is nine feet high and nearly three miles in circuit. The area enclosed is 236 acres. The various buildings of which the exposition consists are dotted about in this area. Between the buildings are restaurants, bazaars, and the like. There are thirteen distinct entrances to the grounds. Each of them is provided with a self-registering turn-stile : so that there is no possibility of being carried in bodily with a rush, as might otherwise be the case. There is ample railway accommodation from all parts of the city and the country, running direct to the chief entrances. In addition, there is a bewildering number of street-cars which set down and take up visitors every minute or two during the day.

The normal and regular price of admission is half-a-dollar. They will not take a dollar for two persons going in together ; they will not accept two quarter-dollars for one person's admission. No,—it must be half-a-dollar for

each person : so that no change may be required, and so that it may be easy to reckon up the receipts and to know the number of visitors in any one day. Hence ensue many amusing scenes. People, hot and flushed by hurrying, come up to an entrance—and cannot be admitted, because they are not the fortunate possessors of the orthodox and absolutely essential half-dollar. Away they go, muttering and growling, or laughing and joking, according to their humour and mood, to the money-changer's office hard by, where, for a "consideration," they can exchange a dollar for two of the coveted "greenbacks." Now they have the "Open Sesame" in their hands. They can pass in to "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" which awaits them.

The gatekeepers are very democratic—in the English sense of that word. They don't worship rank. The report goes (and we have no particular reason to deem it apocryphal) that a stout, pompous sort of man, as he approached the turn-stile on the opening day, said, "I'm an alderman." "O that's no matter," replied the gatekeeper. "That don't exclude you. Pay your fifty cents, and you can go in just the same as the rest."

Imagine yourselves entering at the Main Building turn-stile. What a scene ! How anxious you are to see everything all at once ! But pray do not be in a hurry. Take things easily, coolly, and calmly. It is very hot weather. America has not known such a season for nearly fifty years past. People who hurry too much in such weather as this make a pitiable mistake. There is a medical dispensary on these grounds. The doctors in attendance have plenty to do : they have their hands full. People

will haste ; they *will not* take everything quietly : and so they reap the consequences. Fifty people a day, on an average, are struck down by the heat on these exhibition grounds ; many lose their lives :—so take care. Never mind about seeing everything all at once. Look about a little ; go away ; come again and again at intervals. Depend upon it, this is the wise course of conduct. Depend upon this, also—that *many* visits will be necessary before the mind can realise and take in the scene which is presented at this Centennial. There is so much. The Main Building would, of itself, form a most respectable exhibition ; but, besides this, there are so many others—all spacious, all important, all attractive. So let us “hasten slowly.” “More haste less speed.” By taking our time we shall do well upon the whole. “He who travels slowly travels safely ; he who travels safely travels far.”

For my own part, I thought it would be sensible to sit down on one of the many benches in the centre of the Main Building, and look round, coolly and leisurely contemplating the whole. The structure is 1880 feet long and 464 feet wide. It comprises an area of twenty acres. The building stands upon 672 stone foundation piers. There are 672 wrought-iron columns, varying in height from 28 to 125 feet. The weight of iron in the roof is five million pounds. The interior height is 70 feet. The main avenue in this building is 1832 feet long and 100 feet wide. This structure is set apart for manufactures. There are various sections devoted to the manufactured exhibits of the different nations.

The United States have done well. They show that

they have made good progress and that they possess much manufacturing skill. But there is too much of the war-like in their section. They show too many swords and Gatling guns to suit my taste. One of the guns, says an inscription, "fires from 800 to 1000 shots per minute, has great accuracy, and the larger calibres have an effective range of over two miles." What diabolically murderous instrument will be invented next? If we do not pull up soon, and adopt arbitration instead of war, we shall, bye and bye, find ourselves trying to solve the celebrated problem—"If an irresistible force strike against an immovable object, what will happen?"

The British section is good. A thrill of patriotic pride went through me as I peered around. Our colonies show to great advantage. I realise something of the physical greatness of the British Empire when I note the varied and wonderful nature of the manufactured products exhibited here from many lands under our rule.

The French, Swiss, Italian, and Belgian departments are elegant and interesting. In the Belgian section is a collection of spa water, with various advertising inscriptions round the base of the structure. These inscriptions are quite a linguistic treat in a small way. They are in English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Modern Greek, Russian, and Hebrew.

The German section is poor. It was mismanaged. It is by no means worthy of the manufacturing and political importance of the Fatherland. Many Germans are completely ashamed of it, though the blame is variously distributed by various critics.

Holland and its colonies have done wonderfully well.

Holland shows very interesting models of Dutch canals and breakwaters ; and its colonies of the East Indies and Java present, in addition to the manufactures appropriate to the building, a quite exhaustive view of the Botany of those regions.

I was extremely interested in the examination of the Russian exhibits. Russia is progressing, is developing in trade its own Muscovite peculiarities, and is creating an art all its own.

The Chinese and Japanese quarters are delightful to one who can appreciate the distant East, and who can allow for the inevitable defects of a method of working which was fossilised at a certain stage of its development. The Chinese are, to me, grown-up children, whose pride is that they have never changed, and that they are still antique, in spite of all lapse of time. Japan is far more open to western influences than is China ; but even Japan cannot get away from its surroundings, or forget its Turanianism.

The Egyptian section is, in its frontage to the main avenue, as much as possible like the ancient Egyptian architecture. It presents an inscription which arrests the eye of every visitor—"The oldest nation in the world sends its greeting to the youngest nation."

Most of the sections have made a good display of their books. It is interesting to notice the kind of literature which different nations have thought best for exhibition here. National characteristics are traceable in that way.

Look at the Swedish and Norwegian sections, and see what Scandinavia can do. You see abundant evidence of the mining industry and importance of the Norsemen.

Sweden exhibits most excellent topographical charts, making one seem well acquainted with the land of Tegnér, Swedenborg, Fredrika Bremer, and Jenny Lind, without the trouble of going there. There is something in the Scandinavian sections which shows me that man is, after all the most interesting subject to man. For one person in this Main Building who carefully examines the products of manufacturing skill, there are twenty who gaze with absorbed interest upon the models of Swedish and Norwegian peasant men, women, and children. A certain learned professor from Kristiania, whose acquaintance I made on my return home, thinks that it is beneath the dignity of Scandinavia to exhibit these models, and that they simply represent an old-fashioned style of peasant costume and peasant life which ought to pass away; but I venture to believe that thousands of people will henceforth have a clear and sympathetic idea of Scandinavia because here, in addition to its mineral treasures, its human life has been so vividly portrayed.

Suppose we have a change now, leave this building devoted to manufactures, and go elsewhere. How hot it is outside!—positively, as well as compared with the cool interior. Happy is he who can boast of an umbrella! We see gentlemen carrying such things who would be ashamed to use them for such a purpose in England. But when we are in Philadelphia we—in all things innocent—do as the Philadelphians do.

We next enter the Machinery Building. It is 542 feet from the west front of the Main Building, and is on the same line, the two buildings presenting together a frontage of 3824 ft. to the main avenue in the grounds. Machinery

Hall is 1402 feet long and 360 feet wide ; and there is further, on its south side, an Annex for hydraulic machinery. The building, with its annex, covers fourteen acres of floor space. What a noise ! What utter confusion and chaos, according to the first impression ! What order, regularity, and law, one sees as he looks more closely ! Thousands of straps, pulleys, wheels, screws, all working in their separate ways, producing various effects in the particular machines, but all working harmoniously together, and all deriving their motive power from the wonderful Corliss Engine in the centre of the building. To think that a child might set the great Corliss engine in motion, and that that works all this complicated system of machinery ! This building is very attractive. People like to gaze on these triumphs of human skill, which are the production of man's intellect, and which, at the same time, exhibit a force so much greater than man's. I saw a hydraulic pump, water power for sewing machines, India rubber machines, flour mill and butchers' machines. There was a Jacquard loom, weaving fancy book-marks. There was a watch-making machine, where you could trace every step in the making. There was a machine for making letter envelopes, where one could see all the processes—the paper cut up, folded, pasted, passed through into little boxes, which, whenever fifty had been deposited, were moved away instantaneously. A Mr. Hoskins, a Unitarian from Fitchburg, Massachusetts, exhibited a clever machine for wood-drilling. But I must cease to particularise : I saw such infinite variety. All honour to machine inventors ! All honour to the clever men who save human labour and human time, and extend

trade, by the marvellous machines which they make known to the world. It is clear, no doubt, that the introduction of machinery is a temporary evil, taking away the occupation and the bread of numerous handworkers; but it is no less clear that machines are a permanent good—that, in the long run, they are seen by all to be for the best—and that they advance our trade, and elevate our industry and our life.

I shall want to give you now a glimpse of the Horticultural and Agricultural Halls, and the Art Gallery; but if you feel that one of the numerous restaurants on the grounds would be an agreeable relief from sight-seeing, I fall in with your view, and we will make our choice of the place of refreshment. There is certainly plenty of choice. There are the French restaurants—Suddreau's, and "Les Trois Frères Provençaux." There is Lauber's German restaurant. You see the Vienna Bakery and Coffee-house. There is a Turkish coffee-house, if you would like that. There are two American houses—"The American," and "The South." There is St. George's Hill restaurant, and, close by, a Hungarian wine pavilion. There is the Log Hut, curiously contrived to represent the domestic life of a hundred years ago. Which will you have? You will have to pay high at the French and American places, though everything is very nice there. The coffee-houses, wine-tents, soda-water fountains, and the like, are perhaps too slight and insubstantial for you: you want some real dinner to enable you to stand this sight-seeing. Well, then, on the whole, I recommend you to go to Lauber's. Imagine us there dining at our ease—waiters very polite, cooking fair, everything as it should

be—unless you are incorrigible grumblers, pleased with nothing under the sun. While you are refreshing the inner man, let us glance round at these various restaurants. St. George's Hill is a Jewish place. The meat is cooked in orthodox Jewish style. I confess that it is a style not at all to my liking. In the Hungarian Wine Pavilion, hard by, I met Mr. John Fretwell. We dined, talked, and looked about together. He knows Philadelphia far better than I do ; he is well up in exhibitions ; he delights in the company of foreigners, to whom he can talk fluently and well in any language they like. We went to the Turkish coffee-house. Mr. F. ordered two nargilehs, or water-pipes, much patronised by Easterns. For the benefit of one friend who is not quite clear as to this nargileh, you will perhaps allow me to explain. It is a long pipe. The fumes of the tobacco pass through water before they reach the mouth of him who is indulging in the vile and filthy habit of smoking. The water arrests the essential oil of the tobacco, and is fondly imagined to render smoking innocuous. I will not venture to tell you how long a nargileh is, because I might be thought to exaggerate ; but I had almost said that you might reckon its length in yards, rather than in feet or inches. There we sat with a nargileh apiece ; and I felt considerably ridiculous. I couldn't make the thing draw. The fumes had to travel along several yards of tubing before they reached me ; and—to tell you the plain truth—they never did reach me. I could make neither head nor tail of it. I threw the thing on one side with mild disgust, and betook myself to a civilised cigarette. How some of the visitors, drawn thither by curiosity, did stare at us !

They evidently thought we were both Orientals. When I changed my mind about the nargileh they changed theirs about me, but still seemed to persist in looking upon Mr. F. as a real Persian or Turk, or something equally outlandish.

Well, if you have had your dinner, we will now move on. We want no policeman to tell us to "move on:" for we are anxious to see as much as we can in the time, and there are other parts of the exhibition which we have not yet examined.

Here is the Horticultural Building, in the Moresque style—a crystal palace of great beauty, erected at the cost of the city as a permanent ornament of Fairmount Park. The materials used in its construction are mainly glass and iron. It is 383 feet long, 193 feet wide, and 72 feet high. It contains a rich collection of tropical plants. Gigantic lilies, ferns, palms, bread-fruit, the traveller's tree, salute the eye which is open to nature's glories and charms. The temperature is, of course, artificially assimilated to that which the plants find in their natural habitat.

You see a Rosary close by—a building in which a magnificent collection of roses is growing and thriving, the delight of many beholders.

Do you see the Arabic inscriptions upon those small booths or tents? Let us steer in that direction. We owe much to the East; and if there is anything Oriental on these grounds we ought not to miss it. One booth is a small bazaar of articles made in Bethlehem, from cedar-wood; the other offers for sale similar articles made in Jerusalem. Palestine rises up before our eyes in a

moment. We look on these swarthy men with curious interest. We would like to know if they are really Arabic-speaking people who have ever lived in Palestine. I do not profess to know much Arabic: so I will not make myself absurd by trying to talk to them; but we may take Bayard Taylor's word for it—that they are really what they profess to be.

There is a Bible-Society Depot near here. One day I went there for a German New Testament. They had not one. They had Bibles in such languages as Tamulee, Singhalese, and Malagasy—languages which would certainly not be asked for; but they had no stock of the common and well-known tongues, excepting English.

The foreigners are very numerous here. You may see nearly all nations. Variety of face, difference of dress, peculiarity of manner, meet us everywhere. I saw some people gaze fixedly, and with undisguised inquisitiveness, at foreigners—Chinese, Japanese, or what not—and then turn away in a satisfied manner, as though the discovery had just been made that these foreigners are human after all. One man from the North of England stared at an Arab for a considerable space, and then turned off with the remark—"Yon's a gradely mon, chus heav 'tis." That is one of the lessons which this Centennial can teach us. It shows us all nations. It makes us realise our human kinship. It brings us to see clearly that people of nations varying widely from our own are "gradely men, chus heav 'tis."

Here we are at the Agricultural Building. We must go in. The outside is, to my thinking, very ugly; but the inside is extremely important. The ground plan is a

parallelogram covering upwards of ten acres. Here are exhibited all sorts of curious Yankee and other inventions for ploughing, sowing, harrowing, reaping, mowing, binding, and so on. Some of these agricultural notions are certainly ingenious. Brother Jonathan is always inventing something; and though some of his ideas are visionary and impracticable, others are sound and serviceable. The English farm-labourers who, a few years back, resisted the introduction of the steam thrashing machine would go completely mad if they could walk round and look at these agricultural implements. Here are, also, various curiosities and relics. Here is "Old Abe," the war eagle of Wisconsin, who went all through the war, perched on a standard. He is getting old and bald now; but he still has some spirit in him. His custodian tried to make him take a bath while I was there one day; but Old Abe did not appreciate cold water. By flying up above the element which he disdained, he made most of the visitors fly too. With remarkable speed we withdrew, and left him a fair field but no favour. Here are centennial relics: a plough of 1756, a wind-mill of 1776, and other things "too numerous to mention," as the auctioneers' catalogues say.

Each state of the American Union, and almost every civilised nation, has its special building on these grounds. Such state or national buildings serve mainly as reception-rooms and meeting-places for people who hail from the particular state or nation. As such they are very useful. People from the state write their names in a book provided for the purpose.

In the Virginian building there are fine specimens of

Indian corn and of cotton. They had a considerable branch of cotton-tree, with—I should think—fifty or sixty pods on it. Afterwards, in the grounds, I saw cotton growing. It was a novelty to me. From my position on the pathway the leaf seemed somewhat like that of the grape or the maple. I ardently wished for a specimen; but “touch not, taste not,” is, of course, the motto on these grounds. On the opposite side of the path, also at some little distance, the tobacco plant was flourishing. That, too, was a novelty to me. The leaf is large, robust, and dock-shaped. The plants I saw had leaves about a foot long. Flowers had appeared. There were several of them on each stalk, forming a cyme. Each flower is convolvulus-shaped, of pinkish colour, with a remarkably long corolla-tube. At the flower-bases are numerous downy prickles, such as are found on the smaller Bugloss.*

In the state building appropriated to Colorado and Kansas is a remarkable collection of stuffed quadrupeds, birds, and reptiles, which were shot or otherwise killed by a lady named Mrs. Maxwell. I saw her. She was an object of great interest to many. She looked robust, strong, courageous, with much power of endurance; but she seemed by no means coarse or repulsive—on the contrary, refined and ladylike in all her manner. To think, then, that a woman—a “weaker vessel”—should roam about in the wild West, hunting, tracking, shooting,

* The attentive reader will see that the above reference to the tobacco plant is not strictly accurate, from a botanical point of view; but it faithfully represents the impression which I received from a hasty side-glance while walking along; and I have thought it well to print these lectures as they were delivered.

killing, all these creatures! She must have passed through many rough and dangerous scenes. We know many women (and men too, who would shrink from such a wild, rough life as that. There are people around us who think that a pedestrian trip from the drawing-room to the church would be quite too much for their physical powers. Mrs. Maxwell, however, seems to have enjoyed roughing it—seems to be all the better for her remarkable adventures.

It will do us no harm to glance at the Women's Building in this great exhibition. Not so large as most of the other structures, it still contains a great number of most interesting exhibits. Everything in the building has been made by women or is carried on by women. American women have access to many professions. There has been much male jealousy of their competition in the professions; but that jealousy is declining. I saw a printing-machine, with type "cases" and every requisite for the publication of a newspaper. I saw the lady-editor of a paper called "The New Era for Women." For the life of me, I could not see anything unladylike in editing a paper, or picking up type, or working a printing-machine. The exhibits here are very good, as a rule. Some few of the paintings are—in my humble and unprofessional opinion—poor wretched daubs which should not have been admitted; but, on the whole, the women-exhibitors of America and other lands may take great credit to themselves for what they have done in this building.

It is not many yards from this to the Government Building. The Government of the United States have not disdained to exhibit. It is a cool, pleasant place,

more like a museum and less like a bazaar than are the other buildings. You cannot in any part of the grounds spend an hour more profitably than here. The physical geography of the States is all before the eye in a series of good maps. Ample statistics are at hand for any one who wants to study out in detail the progress and experience of the States during the century. If a man likes geology, here are specimens from every state and territory of the Union. If one is fond of languages, here are interesting glimpses of several of the Indian tongues, chiefly the Dacotah. Costumes and life-size models are at hand to give the visitor a good idea of Indian, Eskimo, and other varieties of our species known to the western continent. The Government are not ashamed to show models of departments of the public service. So that a student, by simply strolling through, can have the whole United States system brought before his eyes.

A peep at the Art Gallery, and then it will be time for us to go. The art gallery is called the Memorial Hall. It is built of white marble, at the cost of the city, and is intended as a permanent memorial of this centennial exposition. The pictures in the art-annex are finer than those in the gallery itself. The Italian section was disappointing to me: I had nourished "great expectations," and had looked for something better than I found. The French department, on the other hand, was superior to my anticipations. There are several masterly things in it. Its great wonder is a large painting of a woman with a club, keeping off a vulture, and preventing the fierce bird from tearing the flesh of five persons who have been gibbeted there. The five persons are her sons, gibbeted

for some alleged offence. The heroic, fiery, desperate manner in which she protects their bodies from the beak of the rapacious vulture is simply sublime. The Spanish pictures are mostly of an austere ecclesiastical cast. The elevated, haughty genius of the Spaniards expresses itself on canvass. One picture, faithfully portraying Spanish costumes and customs, is a fountain scene in Gallicia, in which peasants, having drawn or being about to draw their water, are leisurely conversing together. "Winter Day" is charming—just such a scene as we have many a time witnessed: snow on the roofs, snow on the trees, snow on the ground, snow everywhere, and people moving along slowly and with much difficulty. In this section is the finest portrayal which I have ever seen of the American landing of the Puritans. Large, plenty of life on the canvass, but the figures not too crowded—a high, serious expression on the faces of all, as one grey-haired patriarch leads the devotions of his people. You may be sure that, at this centennial, the United States have made as good a show as possible in pictures. I respect the States more and more as I see what has been done in one hundred years, and note how many promising artists they have. "Southern Plantation Quarters Scene," "Supplication," "Scene on the Wissahickon," and a number of others, crowd upon the memory. The Canadian section is good in snowy landscape scenery. Denmark shows to advantage in sea-studies. The Netherlands exhibit several characteristically solid and faithfully-drawn portraits. Germany sends some good pictures: for instance, "The Natural Arch at Capri," which, to my taste, is a really wonderful performance. One German critic, writing in

"Der Demokrat" of Philadelphia, finds great fault with various sections, and particularly the German, for the introduction of the nude. But the charge is absurd; and much weak nonsense is often written in that direction. No harm results: the evil is only imaginary, and the lessons of such Art are by no means what the above-mentioned criticism supposes.

But I must break off. I have already spoken too long. I have no time to detail the imposing ceremonies connected with the closing of the exhibition, or to tell how some people are satisfied and others dissatisfied with the judges' awards, and how some have lost money by the exhibition while others have made their fortunes. I must leave this fascinating subject of the great centennial exhibition: for "great" I persist in deeming it. Because I am an Englishman I do not therefore feel bound to deny to America any word of praise which she deserves. Nay, rather, being an Englishman, I feel myself so nearly related to the Americans that, without effort, I can rejoice in their joy and be glad at the sight of their success. To me, the byegones of history *are* byegones. I will not revive them now. The mass of English people, I am convinced, feel nothing but friendliness to America this centennial time. Let us stretch out our hands (for the waves do not really divide us), and let us grasp the hands of our American cousins, and assure them that we are glad their centennial exhibition has been a success, and that we wish them well on the occasion of their entrance upon the second century of their national life.

LECTURE IV.

Pittsburg, Chicago. and the West.

THERE is an old saw, "You cannot have too much of a good thing." It is quite false. Excess in anything which is good makes it bad. A little of a good thing is good; but much of it satiates and wearies you: you long for a change.

So it was with me when I was in America. Philadelphia was good; the Centennial Exposition was good;—but I had had enough of them, and I wanted some little variety. I longed to be off from the Quaker City to see something of the country at large. I yearned to be on the railway cars, steaming away to the west, or the north, or the south, or anywhere—anywhere, except too far to the east, plunging into the salt water again.

I am afraid there is something of the Gypsy in my constitution. I must wander and roam now and again, or else I cannot keep on at all. The beauty of it is that the wandering simply makes me prize and love the old place more than I did before. I come back, and am content—for a time.

So, I actually found myself on the "steam-cars" at the West Philadelphia "Depot," or, as we English should express it, on the train at the West Philadelphia station. We were a party of five relatives, on the way for a long circular tour in the States and Canada. We were now bound for Pittsburg and Chicago.

American railway-trains are very comfortable, and just to my taste. On very long journeys, lasting day after day and night after night, the Pullman drawing-room and sleeping cars are just what you want. You can be almost as comfortable in them as if you were in a real drawing-room; and you can retire to your state-room when you want to sleep. Going, however, by such comparatively easy stages as we had put down in our programme, sleeping-cars were not necessary: we did very well in the ordinary first-class cars. They are very good and beautiful. I like the style. Everything is free and easy, public and secure. The whole train can be traversed from end to end. Each car is long, containing, in its length, about thirty seats, ranged one behind the other. The seats in each car may all face one way, viz., the way the train is going,—though, as the backs are reversible, they may be turned over in a moment by any friends who want to sit face to face with each other. Each seat will hold two persons. There is no possibility of crowding:

because there cannot be more than two in one seat,—the seats are partitioned off for two persons,—no more. One row of these seats is on one side of the car, and there is another row on the other side. There is a free space up the centre; and this space can be traversed, as I say, from end to end. So we sit as in a public meeting,—row upon row of people, with our faces in the direction of the train's advance.

But some may say, that is a very public and mixed-up way of travelling—not so cozy and secluded as seems desirable. Well, for my part, I like this publicity. It seems sociable and friendly. Why should we be boxed up into miserable (or cozy) little compartments, with the doors locked? Why should we not be free to move, and walk about, when we feel tired of sitting? I am quite sure of one thing:—that many ladies who are afraid to travel alone on an English railway-train, because (locked into one of our small compartments) they are at the mercy of any scoundrel who may choose to insult them, would find it a perfectly safe thing to travel all alone a long distance on American steam-cars. Their glorious publicity is an ample shield. Everything is open and clear as the day. The weakest people have the almighty protection of public opinion.

You have all sorts of conveniences on these cars—dressing-rooms, ice-water kegs, and what not. Every few minutes some obliging young man is sure to come along, wanting you to buy a newspaper, a magazine, or some book. He distributes the books as he moves swiftly along, throwing one into one lap and another into another; and when he comes back, if you do not want

to purchase, all you have to do is to hand the article back. Of course, some provide themselves with literature before they start; others buy on the way; others will not read a line, but determine to use their eyes, and drink in as greedily as possible the beauty of the scenery through the midst of which they are being rapidly whirled. The said young man will, at intervals, tempt you with refreshments, curiosities, relics, and so on. Do as you please about the curiosities; but as for the refreshments—I felt that I must be very hungry indeed before I could touch them. They looked peculiar. I had grave suspicions about the nature of their composition. I preferred to leave them alone, and wait till we should get to the next stopping-place, where the cars would pause ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes, to enable the travellers to recruit their wasted and exhausted energies.

Between Philadelphia and Pittsburg we passed many places of interest. Bryn Mawr, nine miles from Philadelphia, is a fashionable, healthful, and romantic resort. Thousands of people, not only from the Quaker City but also from remote parts of the state and even of the Union, go there in “the season.” The poet Longfellow has been there this year, staying there week after week. “The Gap,” forty-three miles further along the line, is the highest point on the railway between the Schuylkill and Susquehanna rivers. In another seventeen miles we came to Lancaster, an historically important place, laid out in 1780, and soon a prominent part of the colony of Penn. It was a favourite place for holding councils and making treaties with the Indians. It was a great military station in the old colonial wars. Passing on, we saw

Harrisburg, which is the state-capital. It is beautifully situated on the Susquehanna. The scenery round is romantic. The founder, John Harris, had great faith in the ground as his property, and believed that the capital of Pennsylvania would, one day, be there; and when the town was laid out in 1785 he conveyed to commissioners a plot of ground "in trust for public use, and such public purposes as the legislature shall hereafter direct." His anticipations were fulfilled: Harrisburg is the capital of the state. It is hoped by some Philadelphians that, as one result of the Centennial, the state legislature will be transferred from Harrisburg to Philadelphia, and take up its quarters in the Memorial Hall, now the Art Gallery on the exhibition grounds, which Hall is partly designed for the purpose;—but it is scarcely likely that such a transfer will actually be effected, because Philadelphia is all on one side of this large state, while Harrisburg is about central, about equally convenient for legislators from all parts of the state.

The scenery of the Alleghany region is really beautiful. It resembles that of the Derby Peak, though it is on a much larger scale. I saw several views which irresistibly reminded me of scenes at Miller's Dale, Monsall Dale, Cressbrook, Matlock, and so on. The traveller has the full benefit of the scenery: for, instead of tunnels, we wind in and out and round about among these hills, in most intricate, perplexing, and charming fashion. There are frowning hills, gentle wooded slopes, rugged gorges, deep ravines, winding brooks—everything which a lover of Nature admires and wants.

I do not say there are no tunnels: there is one.

three-fourths of a mile in length, at Gallitzin, 104 miles from Pittsburg ;—but tunnelling is rare. To the west of this tunnel is the highest point of the Pennsylvania Railroad, viz., 2161 feet above the sea level.

From this point I became rather drowsy and stupid. I will not take my oath that I did not sleep. I am certain I nodded gravely a good many times, drew myself up sharply, and nodded again still more gravely.

I don't know much more about the journey. I know we got to Altoona after a while—that it was a very bright, noisy place—and that there was a grand hotel, called Logan House, just opposite where the train stopped. Altoona was incorporated as a borough in 1854 ; and about that date Logan House, one of the best hotels in the States, was opened by the company. It is so called after Logan, a noted Indian of a Delaware tribe on the Susquehanna. This man is not to be confounded with the celebrated Mingo chief, of the same name, of the Cayuga tribe, who had his home in the valley just above Lewiston, at what is still known as Logan's spring. He, the Mingo chief, is the best-known Indian that ever lived in Pennsylvania. His exploits were inferior to those of many other Indians ; but a peculiar halo of romance has ever hung about his name. He hated the whites who had robbed his people ; he continually sought for their blood ; and he died in a drunken quarrel with a Shawnee.

I was glad to get to Pittsburg, and look about there. It is a notable place, well worthy of the most careful attention. It is situated at the confluence of the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers, where they flow into the Ohio. At the census of 1870 the population of Pittsburg was

given as 86,076, and that of Alleghany City, across the river, 53,180. Put those numbers together (for Pittsburg and Alleghany City do really form one place), and you have a population of 139,256.

I pronounce "Alleghany" as it should be: I refuse to fall in with the American custom of giving it as Alleghayny. The Americans are spoiling some of their best words by that vicious pronunciation of the vowel *a* in Indian and Spanish names. They are turning Nevada into Nevayda, Montana into Montayna, Colorado into Coloraydɔ, and so on without end. Perhaps some of you think this is a small affair. You don't see that it matters two pins which way it is. Well, you are right. We have other fish to fry. We have far more important things on hand.

Now, look about in Pittsburg. What do you think of it? I call it an American Wigan, Birmingham, Sheffield, and Black Country. It is all those places rolled up into one. It is a gloomy place. Robert Collyer runs over to it from Chicago now and then, just so as to be in the smoke, and realise the atmosphere of Leeds, once more. A dense black or lurid smoke-cloud hovers over the place continually. Hundreds of smelting furnaces belch forth their smoke without ceasing. Huge fires burn day and night. Hundreds of steamers on the river contribute their share of atmospheric pollution. I do suppose that it is the smokiest place which I have ever seen,—and I have seen some very dingy dens in the course of my short life-wandering to and fro. When we were there it was unanimously agreed by the natives that it was a fine clear day,—and we could see about one hundred yards ahead.

What it must be on a dull, foggy, drizzly day I cannot conceive. I can only feel sure that it must altogether eclipse in dense dinginess all the London fogs which have ever been known, all put together.

The situation of Pittsburg is, however, so beautiful and wonderful that its glory can only be obscured by the smoke : it cannot be destroyed. The city is embosomed in hills. All around they rear up high their rugged or gently-rounded forms. It is cradled upon the waters of its noble rivers. I fancied that in swan-like stateliness it was proudly resting—while floating—upon those waves. But what rest is there for the *men* of Pittsburg ? None whatever. It is all work. Not in stateliness and pride, but in eager rushing industry, does Pittsburg pass its time. It is a busy and important place. It makes prosperous many places which shine brilliantly by means of its own dense darkness. The river rolls its muddy waters sluggishly along. Those waters are extremely discoloured. I was unable to count the trading steamers moored along the quay. Coal and hay boats, or boats for iron freight, everywhere met the eye. Some of them traded between Pittsburg and Cincinnati ; others were bound to St. Louis ; others were labelled Detroit ; yet others had come further afield. This city outranks any other in the Union in view of its iron and glass industries. In 1870 the capital invested in its iron manufactories was 27,000,000 dollars, and in the glass manufacture 4,000,000 dollars. It has a great coal trade, producing over five million tons a year. A walk along the principal streets and a stroll among the shipping showed me a city which is in real earnest, up to its neck in work, manufacturing or producing extensively

most of those things which generally divide many towns between them. I looked on sooty stalwart men whom ordinary washing could not possibly cleanse, and who were the busy workers in that hive. As for the drones—if there are any I did not see them, and I don't know where they are. I should think that no human drone would care to live in Pittsburg. He would go to some pleasanter place. Depend upon it, the working men of Pittsburg deserve all the wages they get. I only hope that they make a sensible use of their money when they have got it, so that they may not be obliged to work like galley-slaves all their days.

There is a large German colony here. Every ship from Europe brings German emigrants to America. They distribute themselves up and down the States. Many have settled down in this city. Many Americans grumble because the Germans have introduced such an extensive trade in Lager Bier; but, in spite of that fault, I believe, from all I can see, that they usually make very useful citizens, and settle down into real Americans—not plotting against American institutions, as the manner of some is, particularly the Ultramontane Catholics, who hate Republicanism as they hate the devil,—but candidly and loyally holding on to the constitution, doing their part as citizens, and speaking well of the bridge which has carried them over. I see there is a German newspaper, entitled “*The Friend of Freedom*,”* printed in Pittsburg. I have seen a religious periodical in German, called “*The Protestant Family Paper*,” printed in this city. Wherever the

* Of course, these phrases should be expressed in German; but they are here printed as they were actually spoken to the audience.

Germans are, be sure they have newspapers in their own language. They admire their tongue enough to keep it up as a rule and for a time. But in struggles of language the stronger of two will conquer; and seeing that—as I venture to think—the English is the strongest language in the world, most fit (on the whole) to become universal, I cannot but rejoice that, in the States, it is, little by little, destroying the German and substituting itself, especially among the rising generation.

I leave Pittsburg with regret. I confess that I honour these rough, smoky, busy towns, where hard-working, horny-handed men toil on day by day, far more than I do those fair, smiling, dazzling resorts where idleness, pride, and idleness meet to pass the time away. Give me the honest, faithful hand-worker—the backbone and the very life-blood of his nation. Give me the clear-headed thinker and director of the busy life of the world. I will honour all men, excepting the fops, the butterflies, the tyrants, and the villains of our race.

We must away. On the cars again, bound for Chicago. Mile after mile—scene after scene. At six o'clock the train stopped at Alliance, eighty-four miles west of Pittsburg, to allow passengers time to get supper, as it is called. Some stay in and munch a biscuit; others eat nothing apparently, but perhaps “have meat to eat that” we “know not of;” others get out and patronise the hotel. You do just as you please: for it is a free country. Three of our party, including myself, rushed out at appropriately “railway speed,” got a cup of coffee and a sandwich, and jumped in again with great expedition. “All aboard!” is the loudly-shouted command;—and off we go.

We have come through a beautiful district: a little woodland—highly-cultivated ground, as a rule, smiling and fertile—the land becoming less and less hilly as we go west. I am anxious to see the completely flat or gently-undulating ground—the vast rolling ocean-like Prairie. It is now half-past six o'clock at night, and we shall have to be in this car until about twenty minutes after eight o'clock to-morrow morning. We may as well take things easily, and get through the ride as comfortably as we can.

This is a big country—a land of “magnificent distances.” To think that it takes the railway traveller seven days and seven nights to go from New York to San Francisco! To think that the distance from New York to San Francisco is just about the same as from Liverpool to Philadelphia—that is to say, 3200 miles! Our journey to Chicago is not so bad as that, and we shall get there bye and bye. I was not sleepy the first part of the night, but I worshipped Morpheus towards the morning dawn. I went through my devotions to the Sleep-Deity on one of the seats of the car.

The prairie scenery is very fine, though not so imposing to my imagination as I expected it to be. I saw wide stretches of prairie grass; and the little wind that was blowing waved the tops of the grass about in such a way that one could easily and naturally compare the grass thus tossed with the waves of the sea, as the tide and wind force them on. But I received no impression of *infinity* from what I saw of prairie land. As it appears on either hand of the railway route in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, trees have been planted by settlers in the course of years. Little thickets appear at intervals, effectually

breaking the spell. Then, on the horizon, both north and south, there is a belt of woodland girding in the whole. If we were to go further west we should, no doubt, perceive the entire justice of the comparison of a journey across the prairies to a voyage over the ocean—a comparison which has been often made; but all I can say at present is that the said comparison seems to me to flatter the prairies—to glorify them beyond what they undoubtedly deserve.

At last, then, we are in Chicago—far-famed Chicago—the Empire City of the West—the greatest grain market in the world. What shall be the order of our procedure? First the animal—then the spiritual; food first—sight-seeing afterwards. We will go to the hotel first, and then we will pay our respects to “the lions” of the city.

As soon as I could I went out to find the Rev. Brooke Herford, who, you know, bereaved Manchester some little time ago in order to enrich Chicago. I had got his precise address from the directory in the office of this hotel. It is a good distance to his house, but a very pleasant walk or ride. It is delightful to skirt Lake Michigan and gaze out to the dim horizon, where water and sky seem to meet. Mr. Herford was (I was sorry to find) away from home, attending conference meetings at Baraboo in Wisconsin. He was to be back for the Sunday: so I could hope to see him then. I did actually see him then, attended his church and Sunday School, and we all spent a very happy day together. On this first visit, I had, at least, the pleasure of seeing some of the family, and of finding them all well and comfortable in their new home, so far away from the old English scenes.

We will have a ride round, and see what there is to be seen ; and, besides that, we will have a number of walks, so as to get as clear an idea as possible in a short time of what Chicago is.

The city is very modern. Its growth has been sudden and mushroom-like. The land was acquired from the Indians in 1795. For forty years after that the place was only an occasionally-occupied military post, with a handful of traders making it a station. In 1830 the city was laid out. In 1833 it had simply twenty-eight voters. In 1837 its population was only 4179. In 1844 simply 8000 people lived there. Then it quickened its pace. It was reduced by a panic in 1857. Since then it has gone on increasing rapidly. The census of 1870 gives the population as 375,000. Chicagoans guess it is going to be the biggest city in America bye and bye. Anyhow, it is a great place, and it has an important future before it. Just try to realise that at the beginning of this present century it was a desolate marsh which scarcely any but Indians knew. Fifty years ago it had simply a few traders' huts and outposts. It is only forty-six years since the city was laid out. All this is wonderful. It is one of the finest places which I have ever seen :—rough and ready, youthful and unfinished, in some respects ; magnificent and palace-like in other points of view. I have seen a number of cities ; but I do not know of one where the business buildings are, as a rule, so noble and splendid as they are in Chicago. Walk along Randolph-street, State-street, Madison-street, or any of the numerous avenues—Michigan, Indiana, Wabash, or any of the rest,—and try to take in all you see and to realise how

quickly it has all sprung into existence. As I stand at the corner of Madison and State streets, for instance, and watch all the hurry and rushing, and note all the business energy and excitement, and listen to all the noise and din, and reflect that sixty years ago this ground was only a dreary, desolate morass, silent and lonely, frequented only by the wild bird and the savage,—there seems something awful and overwhelming in the idea. To the enterprise of man nothing is impossible. Man's energy, patience, and genius have turned a swamp into a beautiful city and a busy hive of industry. Why, the whole area of this city has been raised up twelve feet. It was found that the flat, swampy soil was only a foot or two above the level of the water of Lake Michigan, and that frequently that water overflowed and spread all around:—so the soil was raised for the streets, and the houses were built upon platforms. Now, as the traveller walks or rides about, he knows that the real ground is twelve feet below the surface on which he is walking or riding. Here and there, as you pass along, you may note gaps in the arrangement, and you may look down and see the original soil.

This is a pleasant but very hot day in Chicago. Lake Michigan looks very beautiful. The sun shines on the water, and makes it glitter and sparkle so that one can hardly—and certainly not long—endure to gaze on it. To look on any one of these great American lakes is like looking out on the open ocean. The effect on my own mind, as I stand in Michigan Avenue and look out over the water of Lake Michigan, is the same as I should experience if I were standing on the sea-shore and gazing out over the real ocean. And this lake is only one of a

number which you find in this country. Speaking of mere physical size, what a big country America is !

Do you observe those grain elevators ? They are marvellous indeed. This is the greatest market in the world for grain. The great grain-producing districts of the West send their produce through this city for the eastern states and Europe. These grain elevators take up the sacks of corn like feathers, and rapidly raise them up far aloft for purposes of storing and so on.

My friends and I had a drive round which pleased me much. I sat on the box with coachee. I could thus see everything there was to see, and also have the inestimable privilege of drawing him out in conversation. He was very communicative, and a little bit given to "tall talk." In his opinion Chicago is the most wonderful city in the whole world. Its street-cars are incomparable. I mentioned that Philadelphia has three thousand of them ; but he guessed Chicago could beat that. I happened to say something about the height of houses in New York : whereupon he calculated that New York couldn't come up to Chicago nowadays.

In the course of our drive we saw the Water Works, and we stopped to look round. What mighty engines ! What enormous wheels ! What power there is here ! I feel awe-struck when I note what man's busy and fertile brain has been able to invent and perfect.

Lincoln Park is in its infancy. There is very little to look at in it now. It will doubtless improve with time. As the years go on it will fill up and become mature. I am disposed to look with enthusiasm upon these evidences of fresh, budding, youthful life, with such rich

promise for the time to come—contrasting, as they do, in such a startling manner, with the venerable remains which we have in England—the relics which speak to us of old, bygone, misty times, from which we have gone forward. Anyway, while in Chicago I feel disposed to turn my face towards the rising sun and a future day, just as when I am in other regions I can delight myself with the thought of antiquity and the relics of a far-off past.

Robert Collyer's church is not like that Unity Church which was burnt down in the Great Fire; the second temple is inferior to the first; but it is spacious and serviceable. He is an honoured and a beloved man. For a certain class of people he is the chief attraction of this city.

For a certain other class Mr. Moody is a bright and shining light. I saw the church which they have built for him, and in which he is now carrying on his revival efforts, and preaching the Gospel of the Blood.

The river Chicago—which flows through this city—is crowded with shipping. The place is clearly alive in that respect. The people talk about sending vessels direct from Chicago to Europe, so as to do away with the necessity of land transit to Philadelphia or New York. One attempt was made, and the vessels were lost; but Chicago holds that nothing should be despaired of, and so it is going to try again.

Men make their fortunes fast in Chicago. Some don't know what to do with their money. Houses, food, dress, travel, scatter the dollars pretty briskly; but, still, how to dissipate their wealth is a perplexing problem. Others know that there may be rainy days and troublous times;

and so they don't try to spend all as it comes or before it comes : they put a little by.

There are 100,000 Germans in Chicago. They present here the characteristics which distinguish them in other parts of the States : that is to say, most of them smoke cigars, drink Lager Bier, and play at billiards, on Sundays, instead of going to church. The fact is, Germans have, in their own country, been so dosed and sickened with a dull and dead form of religion, that they throw it off altogether when they get to America ; but it is found that those preachers in Chicago and other American cities who are really living beings, not mere fossil relics of the past, and who make their sermons modern and manly, can always get the people to hear them, and can beat the saloons and parks in fair competition.

There must be a number of Scandinavians in Chicago—otherwise I should not have seen (as I did see), here and there in the streets, emigrant notices printed in Scandinavian and posted up so as to catch the eyes of passers-by.

Chicago was a fine city before the great fire which broke out on the eighth of October, 1871 ; but it has been made much finer since. The buildings are more solid and substantial than they were. The fire of two years ago has left many ruins yet visible. Such ruins disappear little by little ; but there they were when I was in the place. Such fires are, I think, the result of mere carelessness. There are far more fires in an American city than in an English city, because every one over there is in such a fearful hurry ; he rushes blindly and madly on in the search for wealth ; and so he makes mistakes. "Slow and steady wins the race." A little deliberation,

carefulness, and common-sense would be a good thing in many American centres of population, and particularly in Chicago.


I want to tell you one other thing before I leave off speaking. Bear with me five minutes more, and I will tell you of a little trip which I had to a settlement which is situated two hundred miles south-west of Chicago. I went there to see my sister. Away we dashed on the cars. Station after station was left behind. At last we reached Panola. It is a small station, with a few houses near, a small Baptist church, a school-house, and several stores or shops. All such buildings are of wood. A walk of thirty yards brought us to a house which was once an hotel. There we got horses and a carriage for a drive of three miles out. I was on the box, as usual. You jog along over a wild romantic road, almost perfectly level. The soil is dark, rich, prairie ground. Twenty years ago there was not a house in the township. There was not a hedge or a tree. Deer roamed about in abundance. Wolves, from time to time, prowled round, fierce for prey. The man who drove us along told me his experience. He had been chased by wolves for ten miles. He had, in his time, shot a great number of wolves. Now, they have all disappeared from this part. Those which have escaped the gun have gone away into Kansas or still further west or south. Only occasionally, in severe winter seasons, a couple scour across Illinois, eager for prey. Now, there are farms all round here—farms of various sizes, ranging from forty to several thousand acres. I speak of the state of Illinois. To this hour, down in Kansas, Texas, New Mexico, and such districts, things generally are as wild as

they were twenty years ago in the part of Illinois to which I refer. I saw two plots of ground which had never yet been broken up or cultivated. The soil is very fertile. For the first few years of cultivation it needs no manure; but soon, of course, if a farmer is to have good crops he must give back to the land in one form what he takes from it in another by his harvests.

On the platform at Panola station, while waiting for the return train to Chicago, we entered into conversation with a prominent man in the neighbourhood—the earliest settler in the place. He gave us some curious information. I was amused by his whittling. With a pocket-knife and a stick he occupied himself beautifully during the conversation—patiently whittling away. When I was a little boy *I* was fond of whittling; but, for some time past, I have put away that amongst other childish things;—while out West it is a popular amusement or occupation for grown men. There was actually a printed notice stuck up on that platform, “No whittling allowed;” but, in spite of the prohibition, the ground at our feet soon seemed like a small carpenter’s shop, littered over with shavings. There is no accounting for tastes, I suppose. “Everyone to his taste,” say the French people. Whittling, then, is the western taste. Long, lank, shrewd, sharp men out there will spin yarns and whittle sticks by the hour, and even from morning to night, if they have any leisure or any excuse for leisure. The sticks become smaller and smaller, and the yarns more and more wonderful, as the time goes on. What some people can do in the way of mental invention is certainly remarkable.

I close with a word of sympathy and praise. The life

of Chicago, of the state of Illinois, and of the whole Great West, is a great and wonderful thing. Faults, no doubt, are visible. Some people see nothing but faults in a country or a system of life which differs from their own. I see the faults; but, also, I trace redeeming features. Faults are visible in the life of the West; but they are faults of youth, which, we may hope, will disappear bye-and-bye, as the nation reaches its maturity. But *there* is a broad and limitless area in which the Anglo-Saxon race may expand and develope itself; there is soil which myriads of men may profitably till for long years yet to dawn: there, probably, will be the true future of Saxon men; and there, for ages yet to come, will dwell a people very near to us by ties of blood and affection—a people in whose prosperity every generous heart will rejoice.



LECTURE V.

Detroit and Niagara Falls.

THE size of Western farms is wonderful. Of course, many are small—40, 60, or 80 acres are common; but, on the other hand, an enormous stretch of territory is frequently owned by one man. I could scarcely take it in when I was told the facts about some western farms. Those shrewd, sharp, bragging, boasting western men do stretch things so, and speak in such wild, extravagant, grotesque figures of speech, that whenever they told me anything particularly remarkable I always felt like taking off a liberal discount—say 80 per cent.—and accepting the remainder. I refused to believe the tobacco-chewing, stick-whittling idlers, who seemed to want to find out how large a lie I could swallow without winking. Afterwards, however, I met with people of a quite different stamp: and, from my intercourse with them, I now really

believe—what at first seemed incredible. One man told me that a farmer fifteen miles off had a rather considerable farm. One single field on his farm was 22,000 acres, and the whole of that was under corn-cultivation last year. At this I smiled, and told him, in a quiet and gentle way, that my phrenological organ of gullibility was small; and begged him to give me the condensed essence of fact in the statement. But he stuck to his tale, and insisted that it was so. A few days afterwards I had reason to fall in and relinquish my scepticism. I was in a company of Methodist ministers. I had much talk with them, and got a good deal of detailed information about the district. One of them,—a most respectable and intelligent man,—told me that the statement above referred to was true,—told me, as a fact, that he knew farmers out west with 30,000 acres of land. It is not uncommon, according to this minister, for a western-man to own a farm from 40 to 50 miles in length. Such farmers keep a number of men to ride about, see how things go on, and superintend operations.

As to emigration, no sensible man now recommends English artisans to go to America. Whatever their trade may be, they are better off at home. Trade in England is not so flourishing as we could wish: but it is worse in America. The artisan who leaves England for America may think that he thereby gets “out of the” English “frying pan,” but I am certain that he jumps “into the” American “fire”;—and that is a poor exchange. 10,000 men were out of work in Philadelphia when I was there. In one small district of Illinois 1000 men were doing nothing. In the whole State of Illinois

more than 12,000 men were without occupation. These unemployed men are a financial burden, and a political and social danger. I say, then, that artisans and tradespeople and professional men are not wanted in the States, and that they had better stay in this country, and improve the condition of their own native land.

The facts are different with regard to agriculture. There is ample room out west in that respect. There is much encouragement and a good prospect for those who understand farm work. Vast districts lie waste and need tillage. Land is cheap in Iowa, Nebraska, and so on. Poor marshy land—which, however, with cultivation, would prove very rich—can be bought for one shilling per acre. Land which is good in every way can be bought, out and out, for ten shillings per acre. If a man has not enough capital to buy land, he may have it for nothing from the Government. By living on it for five years, by building a house, and by making some permanent improvements, it becomes his own at the end of the five years. It is quite clear that English people who thoroughly understand farm-work, who have a little capital, who will not think they are going to pick up dollars and “greenbacks” by simply stooping for them, but who will make up their minds to rough it for a few years, might do a worse thing (and could scarcely do a better thing) than go right out west, get some land, settle down on it, and work straight on to secure their independency. In that wonderful West there are millions of acres of land which cry out for cultivation, and which are ready, on cultivation, to yield bread for millions of men whom, as experience shows, Europe cannot properly feed and reward.

One day, on the steam-cars, I had a long and (to me) painfully suggestive talk with an Irishman. I could see by his face that he was Irish. Some English people do not like the Irish. Now, I do. I have long had a special affection for everything Irish. Indeed, some years ago I was a Fenian of the Fenians—much misunderstood by my friends in consequence. So I sidled up to him, and tried to say a few words in the wild, poetic, and venerable Irish language. His face brightened up, and his heart opened out, in a moment. He told me all about himself. He went to America twenty-three years ago. He worked hard, saved money, built a house for himself in New York State, bought several plots of ground, built houses, let them to tenants, thought trade was poor and that he would do better out west, went out alone to south-west Missouri to “spy out the land”—“out prospecting,” as some call it. He found that the agent had greatly overstated the advantages and understated the disadvantages, and he decided that it was poor land, that it would be a mistake for him to settle down there, and that he would go up the Mississippi and look round in Iowa and Nebraska. He soon found himself on a Mississippi steamer. After a time, feeling sleepy, he stretched himself on a bench, fell asleep, woke up, and found that his pocket-book (containing all the money he had) was gone. He thought he knew who had taken it; but he could not swear to it; and, when the captain ordered a search, no money was found on the man suspected:—he having probably passed it on to some confederate. The captain and some passengers clubbed together and gave him a purse of money; and at the time of our conversation he was on

his way back to New York State, determining to keep on there and try to be content. I found him devoid of intellectual culture, but thoughtful and bright. He led the conversation to theology, and then I soon found that he was "a bad catholic,"—that is to say, a man of so much common-sense and true catholicity that he could go to any church and hear any preacher, feeling sure that the Roman church, to say the least, has no monopoly of truth. Thereupon, his co-religionists looked upon him as a castaway. He was enthusiastic about American institutions, and great on Robert Emmet, Daniel O'Connell, and John Mitchell. With much respect for individual Englishmen, he still thought that most English people look upon Irishmen with bitter, fierce, and unreasoning prejudice,—whereas, in spite of the faults of individual Americans, a good position had been accorded to his countrymen in the States. Without accepting all he said, still—to speak my mind plainly—I felt ashamed to think that the result of our English rule of Ireland—a rule which has only yet been partially reformed—has been a vast emigration of Irishmen to America, and that most of such emigrants go away with bitter feelings in their hearts towards England. Five millions of Irish people in Ireland, and nine millions of Irish people out of Ireland,—that is the effect of fear, injustice, tyranny, and the iron hand. Another part of the result is that, with all our effort to stamp out Catholicism by means of the so-called Irish Church, there are now no more devoted Catholics in the world than are the Irish, and among no people is the priest so powerful and so absolute. Liberal measures have improved the condition of things in Ireland: I trust

that further Liberal measures will take away all grievances and render justice to Ireland.

From Chicago my little trip extended to the north-east, on the Michigan Central Railway, to Detroit, and thence to the Falls of Niagara. Some of the places we passed had peculiar—and, to me, very attractive—names. There is Kalamazoo. Some think that word is quite a jaw-breaker. They have hard work to get their tongue round it. They pronounce it a bit *at* a time, and have a good rest after every syllable. To me it is a soft and musical word. Kalamazoo is a very pretty place. Trees grow in the streets in the greatest profusion. The houses are bright and brisk looking. Everything is fresh, green, and inviting.

The Americans have so many cities, towns, and villages, that they are hard up for names, and scarcely know how to christen any new place which springs up or is laid out. So, in their perplexity, they reproduce most of the European names of cities and of celebrated men. I could not help partly shuddering and partly smiling as we passed a small mean-looking place called Homer. “How are the mighty fallen!” “To what base uses may we come, Horatio!” To think that the greatest poet of the world should be immortalised in the name of a small and poor Michigan village!

I was thankful to reach Detroit: for we had had a tiring ride. After a short rest in the hotel, the other members of the party in which I was travelling had a drive round about in the city; but I declined to stir. I wanted to write sundry letters. “Out of sight out of mind,” they say; but my home, though out of my sight,



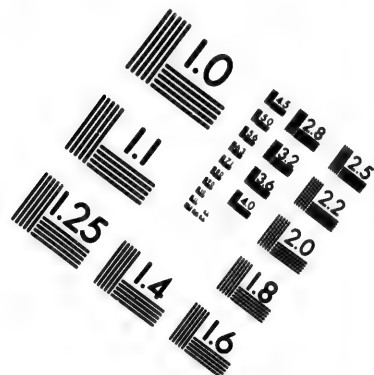
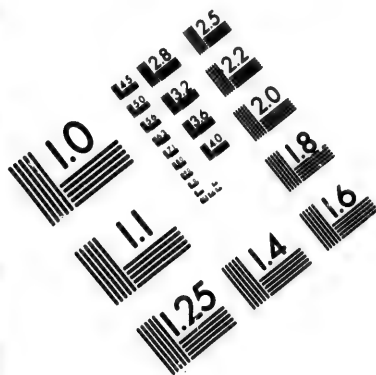
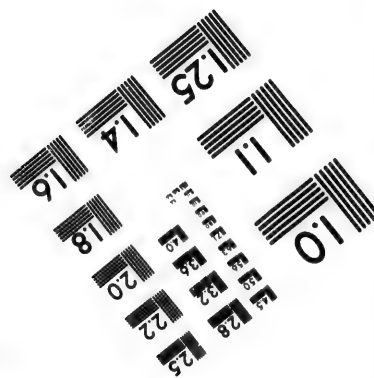
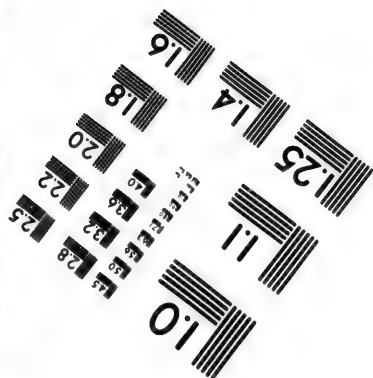
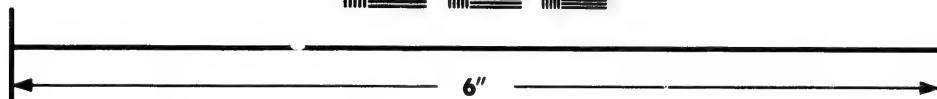
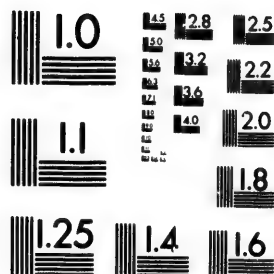


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was never out of my mind; and every two or three days I wanted to send a line—and many lines too. Next morning, however, was my time. I had a pedestrian inspection, and peered about a good deal. Detroit is a finer, handsomer city than I expected to see. I knew it was important in a trade point of view. I knew it was a noteworthy centre of commerce. I was not at all surprised to note the busy, bustling activity of its quays, wharves, and principal streets. But I scarcely looked for such good and noble streets, such fair and imposing buildings, and, in general, such a dignified and respectable place. Just before we left Philadelphia, one friend living in that city said, “You needn’t stop at Detroit: you won’t find anything there to see;” but, really, that was a mistake—so far, I mean, as my own feeling goes: I found much to see, and I do not regard our short stay there as by any means lost or wasted time.

Across the river Detroit, opposite to Detroit City, is a place called Windsor. That is in Canada. We were to cross the Detroit to Windsor, in order to continue our journey to Niagara. We entered the steam-cars at Detroit Depot or Station, and steamed away down to the river-side. I fully expected that we should all have to get out, and cross the river in some ferry-boat. No such thing. They took the train across just as it was, with all the numerous passengers in it. A colossal raft, with locomotive rails fixed on it, was floated to the side just where our train stood. When the raft-rails accurately answered to ours, the thing was fixed, and we steamed off the solid ground on to the said raft. Slowly we moved over, Detroit looking beautiful as we passed away.

Landing on the Windsor side, we found ourselves in Canada—no longer in the United States, but in a part of our own British dominions. This was pleasant. I am sometimes suspected of being a republican; but, apart from all theories, I candidly confess that some little patriotic flutter of sentimental loyalty came over me as we touched Canadian soil. Our Queen is a good woman. She sets a good example. I am content with her nominal rule as I certainly could not be content if we had a tyrannical or an immoral king upon the throne. So, in the sense which I thus indicate, I was loyal when I travelled in Her Majesty's Dominion of Canada. I was proud of the thought that our English system has extended itself so far, and that it embraces so many subjects. Thirteen colonies, now called American States, once belonged to us, and we lost them through the stupidity which refused to grant the most urgent reforms. Canada is ours to-day; and may our rule be wise! so that a mutually-beneficial connection between Canada and the old country may be for ever maintained.

We had some little trouble with the custom-house officials. It is their business to examine the baggage or luggage, to see whether or not there is anything contraband. However often we cross backwards and forwards between the Dominion and the States, we shall have to submit to this annoyance. The two peoples are very dark and benighted on the subject of trade. Each thinks it promotes its own interests by the imposition of heavy trade duties. The truth is just the opposite. Free-trade is the sensible thing. The natural laws of trade can take care of themselves. Trade is hampered, and nations are

crippled, by this miserable peddling system of protective interference. We must, however, take things as we find them: so we will get through these customs difficulties as easily as possible, and refrain from fretting and fuming about them.

Many of the French Canadians are poor, small, mean-looking men, inferior in aspect to the English-speaking people around them. You may see them coming into a town with their poor little carts, bearing very small quantities of market produce. They dispose of their cargo, and depart, the whole transaction being, at times, humble in the extreme. I want to judge with the utmost fairness; but still I am John Bull enough to believe that English-speaking people, and especially people of this English stock, are the first and supreme people in the world. They thrive, push on, and conquer all obstacles.

The aspect of Southern Canada, as I saw it, is not materially different from that of the States through which we have passed. There are different laws. You pay your way with pounds, shillings, and pence, instead of with dollars, dimes, and cents. The traveller passes through a densely-wooded country instead of monotonous prairie-grass. But the people dress as the inhabitants of the States do; the speech of most of them is about the same; and, as you pass along, you learn that in spite of all differences of government, law, language, or race, all men are one brotherhood, and form one family, the wide world over.

“All aboard” for Niagara! Borne along past towns and villages of all kinds, I could not help thinking that every mile brought us nearer to that great wonder of the

world—the Falls of Niagara. I counted the miles. I am always a child in presence of Nature's beauties and marvels. It is quite impossible for me to look upon Nature with cool indifference. I was all enthusiasm. I had heard and read so much about the Falls,—and was I, at last, really to see that sight? Yes: nearer and nearer we steamed along. Time passed on. Night came. Then we crossed from Canada to the States. After a tiring journey it was an agreeable change to cross the Suspension Bridge, to even dimly see the Falls of Niagara two miles higher up the river, and to take a carriage for the hotel—to rest there for the night.

Next morning the natural thing was to run about, here, there, and everywhere, and see as much as possible of the Falls and Rapids. This we did. These Falls rank high amongst the great wonders of the world. I saw them for the first time in my life. I wish I could describe them; but that is impossible. Words fail. Human language—subtle instrument as it is for the expression of thought and feeling—is not powerful enough to convey to any one who has not with his own eyes seen Niagara any full and adequate idea of what is visible here. One must see Niagara for himself, or he can never realise what it is.

I will add another word: one must look at Niagara, steadfastly and patiently, as long as he can, or he can never realise what it is. Some people go to the Falls—not to study that great wonder, but—to drink beer and smoke tobacco in the hotels, and to play practical jokes in the streets and on Goat Island. When such persons come away, all they can tell you is what they had for dinner or supper, or whom they met “fro’ Bowton.”

They have no eyes for Niagara. When they depart, all they are able to say is that they have "done Niagara." Some people come to the Falls hastily, run to look, feel disappointed because they have formed foolish expectations which the reality does not fulfil, or because their eyes deceive them and they cannot realise that the Falls are so high or so broad as they are said to be ;—so they rush off by the next train and proclaim that Niagara is a sham, or, at least, that a great deal too much fuss has been made about it.

That is not the way to see Niagara. One must study it patiently, look at it from all points, keep the mind alive and active,—and then he cannot fail to take away with him an impression of the whole too profound, perhaps, to be communicated in words, but also too vivid to ever pass away. Every thoughtful man or woman who visits Niagara will ever after, when the name Niagara is heard, or read, or thought, see mentally a sight which is amongst the greatest, grandest things which the world has to show.

A word of topographical explanation may be welcomed by some. There are several great lakes in North America. The most westerly is Lake Superior ; then comes Lake Michigan to the east, then Huron east of that, then St. Clair to the south, then Lake Erie to the east, then Lake Ontario to the north of Erie. From Ontario the vast volume of water goes by the St. Lawrence to the ocean. Now, all these lakes are connected together by narrower slips of water, known by various names. All the lakes, then, form one mass of water. That mass is very great. The river, flowing to the north, which carries the water from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, is called the River

Niagara—a word of probably Iroquois origin, meaning “roaring water.” The distance from Erie to Ontario is thirty-six miles. For the first twenty-one miles of its course the water descends at the rate of one foot per mile. From that point the Rapids begin; and in the space of one mile the water sinks down sixty feet. Then the mass of water is precipitated over the rocks down to a great depth. The line of falling is slantingwise—that is, from north-east to south-west across the river. The continuous mass of water pouring itself over the precipice on the eastern side of the river is called the American Fall. It is 900 feet wide, and it falls down 164 feet. Next to this American Fall, and to the west of it, is a small island, which the water has not yet swept away. West of that is the Central Fall, one hundred feet wide, significant at Niagara solely because it stands between two such colossal neighbours. West of the Central Fall is Goat Island, consisting of seventy acres of densely-wooded and extremely romantic ground. Between Goat Island and the western shore of the river Niagara, but veering considerably to the south-west, is the Canadian Fall, called—from its shape—the Horse-shoe Fall. This is 2,000 feet wide, and it falls down 158 feet,—so that the Canadian Fall is far larger and pours down a far greater volume of water than the American Fall.

At the foot of these Falls a dense cloud of spray rises continually, sometimes towering far above them into the clouds and hiding the Falls from view, at other times permitting them to be seen clearly above its wreathing folds. This spray-mist is a restless ghost which cannot be laid: it haunts Niagara ceaselessly.

The Canadian Fall is grander and more wonderful than the American. It is a greater, more mysterious thing. The bright green line of its central falling water is photographed for ever on my retina. I do not wonder that though Charles Dickens was a little bit disappointed about the American Fall, yet its Canadian sister so took hold of his imagination and his heart that all his expectations were awfully and terribly realised—that he was never able to shake off the spell—and that he pictured the scene in words which only one of Nature's poets could invent.

The river hurries down the Rapids to its fall in wildest tumult and confusion. To gaze on the foaming, dashing, struggling water, fiercely and madly running its wild race as though it were gathering up strength for its fearful, desperate leap down into the abyss, at once excites and paralyses the imagination. It might soon confuse and overturn the mind. A mentally-weak or characteristically nervous man or woman should never gaze long on the Niagara Rapids: for such persons are in danger of yielding to the dread fascination and of being dragged down to a horrible death.

No wonder that crowds flock here from all parts of the world. No wonder that most of the visitors linger entranced as long as their time will permit. No wonder that some are so impressed with the sight that they cannot tear themselves away, and that so they take up their abode here and live here all their days. In the month of June, 1829, a tall, haggard young man, named Francis Abbott, appeared at Niagara, fell in love with the Falls, and determined to live near them all his life. He lived in an old cottage on Goat Island. He used to bathe regularly

in the river below the Falls. He was fascinated and deranged. He toyed with the water. He braved it and dared it. One day he was washed away. His body was found ten days after at the mouth of the river. It was buried near the glorious Falls which he loved so much, and the fury of which he had defied.

The tide rushes over the precipice at the rate of one hundred million tons of water every hour. How overpowering to the imagination is the simple statement of this stupendous fact !

I have looked at these Falls from all points of view :—from the Canadian side, from the American side, from above the Falls, from below the Falls, from the Suspension Bridge, from Goat Island, from Luna Island (which stands at the north-eastern corner of the last-mentioned), and—last, but not least—from the slippery rocks which have fallen from the giddy height, and now lie confusedly scattered at the foot in the roaring stream, with the spray blinding the eyes at frequent intervals. The rest of our party refused to go ; but I ventured down with a guide. With care there is no great danger ; though there is just enough danger to force you to be careful. Numerous ladies go down there every season. If “the weaker sex” can venture on such a trip, “the lords of the creation” ought surely to be ashamed of cowardice in such a matter. I had to dress specially for the purpose. There is a place at the top, on Goat Island, at the head of Biddle’s Stairs, where they charge a dollar and a half for the use of the dress and for the guide. I feel sure I looked a pretty figure when my equipment was complete. They fixed me up in fine style. I had a rough blue dress on. I wore

a curiously-shaped straw bonnet, with immense sides tied down over the ears and under the chin. Specially-made slippers were tied to the feet. Thus rigged out, down went I and the guide. I was thankful that no one from Ainsworth could see me. My friends were waiting for me half way down. They laughed heartily at the comical figure I presented, and well they might. I could sympathise with them in the laugh; but, somehow, I didn't feel like laughing myself. I was shivering too much, and I was too near the terrible Fall, to be able to laugh much. But I had fixed it to see Niagara in this way: so on I went. When through the Cave of the Winds I found myself at the back of the Central Fall between the falling water and the rocky wall. The deafening roar, the blinding spray, the frequent very liberal shower bath, the momentary and fitful glimpses of the falling water as the eye gazed up at the mighty precipice, the awe-inspiring sight in the Cave of the Winds of a wall of water at my left hand and a wall of rock at my right—all this was marvellous. The shower-bath took my breath away. At times I could not see the guide. The ground was slippery and treacherous. If I had not kept fast hold of the guide's hand, I don't know what would have been my fate. There is great pressure on the atmosphere behind that Fall. Thus there is a continual wind which roars about and drives the spray into the face of the adventurous tourist. Wet to the skin, shuddering at the contact of the dashing spray and falling torrents, and ardently wishing that I had never started, I yet pressed on, following the guide. "Look up," shouted he; obeying the direction I raised my eyes, and saw, far up aloft, the rocky wall, damp and dripping with the driven

spray, and on the other side saw the mighty mass of water hurrying madly down. It was a strange experience. Leaving the rear of the water, we came out to the front, and passed along—partly climbing as best we could over the rough slippery rocks which had, some time or other, fallen from above, and partly walking on wooden platforms specially erected for the purpose. “Look up,” again shouted the guide (and I can assure you we *had* to shout to make each other hear: so loud was the din of the water); I looked up and saw a beautiful rainbow, quivering amidst the mist. To stand on that platform, so far below, holding desperately by the railing at the side; to look up to the edge of the precipice—a height which one can realise from that point, if not from the opposite shore; to scramble back along the slippery and just a little dangerous way, through the spray and up the rocks;—all this was wonderful and will be ever present to my mind.

However far I wander from Niagara I shall always behold this scene from some one of its many points of view. I cannot describe Niagara. I do not think any human being can pourtray it in human words. Certainly it is beyond my power. If any one thinks I speak too enthusiastically, and praise too much, let him go to Niagara and see; and if he will look steadily and patiently, and not be satisfied with one hasty, imperfect glance, I know he will come back and say that, far from over-stating, I have not been able to tell one-hundredth part of the full and sublime truth.

I have no time at present to tell how the river calmly pursues its way for two miles below the Falls—how, then, other rapids begin—how the water riotously, tumultously

sinks down and roars along—how, three miles from the Falls, it strikes violently against the Canadian shore, forming a whirlpool which is a great source of attraction—how, from the Falls to Queenston, a distance of seven miles, the river flows rapidly through a deep gorge, from 200 to 400 feet wide and 300 feet deep—how in these seven miles the water falls in rapids the space of 200 feet—and how, from the cliff at Queenston, this vast body of water flows on calmly and majestically to empty itself into Lake Ontario. Geologists estimate that fully 1,500,000,000 (fifteen hundred million) cubic feet of water rush through that narrow gorge every minute—that the water has worn away its obstructions at the average rate of one foot per century—that the Falls were once at the cliff near Queenston, and were twice as high as now—that the water has already eaten its way back seven miles—that this process must have occupied at least 35,000 years—and that the process is still going on which will reduce the height of the Falls, consume the strata to the south, and make the whole river one vast range of rapids.

A lecture is too brief for a full description of all the thoughts and themes which are suggested by a study of the Niagara Falls—a huge volume, indeed, would leave much unsaid. There those Falls stand, a continual attraction and fascination for people of every clime. Crowds flock thither from every land. Their one object is to see Niagara. I know people who will never go to America—there are too many difficulties and lions in the way; but if they were ever to visit the western land it would be to see Niagara. That is the only thing which could draw them thither. They hear of Niagara,—they read of it,—

they think of it. Yes, there those waters fall. They are the great natural glory of America. Their foam is the hoary whiteness of antiquity. Those wild waves have roared and foamed for ages. Long before man stood near there the Niagara waters fiercely raged along. Empires have risen and passed away, the stateliest things have tottered to their destruction, but all the while the Niagara waters have never ceased their tumult and their war. Henceforth, whenever I sum up the chief wonders of the World, first in the list will stand NIAGARA.



LECTURE VI.

Down the St. Lawrence to Montreal.

LEAVING Niagara, and pressing forth to "fresh fields and pastures new," we must ride in the cars to Lewiston—a distance of seven miles from the Falls—and then go on board the steamer, cross the Ontario to Toronto, and proceed down the Lake, through the Thousand Isles and the Rapids of the St. Lawrence, to Montreal.

Lewiston is well situated. It is a place of importance, standing at the head of navigation on the river. In 1813 it was destroyed by British troops, and rebuilt after the war had ceased. Here we embark on board the "City of Toronto," which runs twice a day between Lewiston and Toronto. It is a fine, clear, warm day. Everything is

bright, shining, and dazzling. Pleasantly we steam across the lake, the course enlivened by the contest of two men, who vie with each other in pointing out objects of interest, giving us information, and keeping us in good humour. These men are decoys for certain hotels in Montreal. One represents the Ottawa, the other—a very fat man—promotes the interests of the St. Lawrence Hall. Each distributes prospectuses, advertisements, guide-books, and puffs, issued under the auspices of his particular hotel. Each gives us, in clear voice and extremely fluent style, numerous little scraps of information about our tour—which scraps are interspersed with earnest requests that we will all put up at his particular establishment when we get to Montreal. The fat man is very witty, and keeps up the spirits of the travellers. He promises us that his little brother—also representing the St. Lawrence Hall—will come on board the “*Corinthian*” at Toronto, and will accompany us all the way, pointing out all the objects of interest as we proceed.

The passage to Toronto is short and soon over. The city is a large and important place. Its site is somewhat monotonous; but the streets are regularly laid out, the buildings are good, and the city holds up its head as a bright and cheerful locality. It is situated on Toronto Bay, which is a fine sheet of water, four miles by two. Fifty years ago there were simply 4000 people living in Toronto. In the last ten years the number of inhabitants has doubled itself. Now, it has a population of 75,000. Approached from the water the place presents an agreeable picture. Its numerous cupolas, towers, and spires, strike the eye from a great distance. There is a Baptist church

in Toronto with a spire 306 feet high :—that is said to be the loftiest spire in America. The Queen's Park, University Buildings, and several churches, are picturesque and attractive.

One of the Canadian Inland Steam Navigation Company's Line leaves Toronto every day for Montreal. Our time is precious : so we must go on one of these, and be off. The steamer leaving to-day is the "Corinthian." We find that many people are going with us. The vessel is crowded. I feel sure they will not have sleeping-room for us all. Looking back upon the trip now that I am telling you all about it, I can say that I and a number of others, who were bachelors either for the time being or permanently, had to do the best we could on deck all night, and sleep or keep awake according to circumstances. I got on pretty well, considering everything,—though it was very late before anything like peace and quietness reigned around, and it was very early when noise began again. By half-past four o'clock in the morning most people were stirring about. Every one who was sensible made good use of his eyes, so as not to miss anything.

We got to Kingston bright and early. It is situated at the head of the Thousand Islands, where Ontario, the last of the great lakes between the States and Canada, empties itself into the mighty channel of the St. Lawrence by which that vast mass of water is conveyed to the Gulf. Kingston is a bustling place, though not large—its population only amounting to 15,000. It stands on the site of the old French fort of Frontenac, and is a strongly-fortified town.

I have told you that Kingston is at the head of the

Thousand Islands. Yes, we are entering that marvellous lake. We are sailing down the far-famed St. Lawrence.

In my little trip in America I have quite a variety of scenery : — prairie land, large cities, Niagara Falls, Canadian forest scenery, and the river St. Lawrence. I put the St. Lawrence in a class by itself. So far as I yet see, it is the most beautiful of American rivers. The river Hudson is spoken of by many persons in terms of enthusiastic praise ; I shall see that with my own eyes bye-and-bye ; — but, so far as I can learn, the Hudson is narrow—its banks seem comparatively near to each other—and its beauty is not so much its own as borrowed from the interesting and noble structures which skirt it as it flows. The St. Lawrence is a broad and ample stream. Apart from its occasional expansion into so-called lakes, it is so broad that its shores are distant the one from the other—generally tolerably distinct, but occasionally indistinct, blending with the sky in such a manner that the whole is vague and mysterious, and the traveller cannot tell where river ends and sky begins, but all is one smooth, bright, calm, and glorious mirror. Never, so long as I live, shall I lose the mental vision of this wondrous stream. It is a thing of glory and beauty—a joy to me for ever. I admire—I love this river. Words fail me to express the feelings with which I regard Nature in general and this St. Lawrence in particular.

The Lake of the Thousand Islands is an expansion of the St. Lawrence after it leaves Lake Ontario. There are in the world many collections of river islands, but no one in which the isles are so numerous as here. It being just below Kingston, and it stretches down the rivers

between forty and fifty miles. For this distance the river varies in width from six miles to twelve miles. In spite of their name these islands are more than one thousand in number. They are called a thousand as that is a convenient round number ; but there are really about one thousand five hundred of them. They are dotted about in the wildest, most chaotic, and yet most romantic and beautiful way. They are about equally divided between the Canadian Dominion and the United States. They are large and small, of all sorts and sizes, from half an acre to thirty acres—indeed from a few square yards to the higher figure which I have mentioned. Some just clear the water : others rise sheer out of it one hundred feet or more. They are soft and lovely pictures, painted green right down to the water's edge, or they are rough and wild, formed of rugged rocks, with only a few inches of soil. But all are alike in one respect : they are all densely wooded. I wonder where some of the trees get their nourishment, or how they cling : for they seem to grow and flourish on a bare cold rock. I suppose that much of the soil has been washed away, leaving just sufficient to keep the trees alive in verdure and beauty.

The channel between these various islands is often comparatively and always positively intricate. The vessel is steered in and out, veering to the right, turning a little to the left, going straight on, according to circumstances, that is, according to the course of the channel, which is well known to the man at the wheel.

All the islands are owned by private individuals living in various parts of the land, and coming here from time to time to enjoy themselves on their own soil. Some of

the larger islands are farmed assiduously, and appear productive in an average degree. Others are merely for pleasure trips, pic-nic parties, &c. One is owned by the Methodist Episcopal Church, and conventions and sociables are held there periodically. One of the islands in this Lake is owned by Mr. Pullman, of Railway Palace and Sleeping Car notoriety; he gets his friends round him there, and they have "a real good time," as the Americans put it. We pass the isle called St. Anne's, and then there inevitably comes up in the mind Tom Moore's Canadian boat song, the chorus of which everyone knows, however ignorant he may be of the words of the song itself—

" Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past;
Soon as the woods on shore grow dim,
We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn."

The word "rapids" in the above lines reminds me how famous the St. Lawrence is for rapids. There are many of them. As you go through them you are conscious that the water falls considerably. The vessel is sailing distinctly down hill. At times it goes slanting-wise. We are going to "shoot the rapids." Five miles below Prescott is Chimney Island. The first rapid of the St. Lawrence is at that island, and is called the Gallop. I can assure you we galloped through there at a good round pace. Now commences that marvellous series of rapids of which the Long Sault is one of the most noteable. Long Sault is a continuous rapid of about nine miles in length. An island divides it into two channels: the American and the Lost Channel. The French boatmen felt sure that if a boat were to drift into that Canadian Channel it would be lost.

Steamers used to go through the American channel, as being safer ; but now, so as to frighten tourists as much as possible, they generally explore the Lost Channel. It is a wild scene. The steam is shut off. We whirl along in a violent tumultuous current. Several men are wanted to manage the wheel, and the man who is responsible for the ship keeps both eyes wide open, so as to take us through all right. This going headlong down hill is a rather exciting thing. There is some throbbing and trembling. Occasionally you hear a scream. The "little Brother," that is the decoy from St. Lawrence Hall, cracks his jokes all the time, so as at once to keep up the passengers' spirits and alarm them, and thus maintain the excitement. There is real danger. It is increased to the imagination by the deafening roar of the seething madly-rushing waves. No fatal accident, however, has yet occurred on the vessels of the Canadian Navigation Company. When we got through safely we breathed a sigh of relief.

Passing on yet further, the river narrows suddenly, and we reach the Coteau Rapids. From the head of these the water sinks down 84 feet in a distance of eleven miles and a half. Prisoner's Island is visible on the left. Prisoners of war were confined there in 1812 and 1813. The old Coteau Fort is in ruins.

The Cedar Rapids are the next exciting passage. In the course of them the water sinks down 56 feet.

Ever since I had been on board the *Corinthian* I had observed a group of foreign-looking men, with swarthy, sun-burnt faces. They kept very much together. They conversed in some foreign tongue. Such people are always an attractive problem to me. I thought it would

be rude to hover about near enough to listen to their talk : so for some time I was tantalised with the unsatisfied longing to know their speech and their nationality. While sitting absorbed in the contemplation of the beautiful river-scene, it so happened that they all came up and planted themselves near me. Listening carefully, and putting two and two together, I soon " guessed " that they were Dutchmen, though there were elements in their talk which I was unable to put down to Holland's account. Watching for opportunities, I managed, bye-and-bye, to introduce myself ; and then I found out that they were regular Dutchmen, who had been living for years in Java, and who had travelled all that long distance from Java to Philadelphia in order to study the Exhibition and the American land. Think of that, and note in what a wonderful manner America attracts people from all lands this Centennial Year.

Enough of Rapids for a minute or two, thought I. The fact was, I had had scarcely any sleep the night before,—and so I felt peculiar. Retiring to the rear of the boat, I sank down into a chair, and dozed right off. When I roused up again I was a new being, and could enjoy looking round. Gazing out, I saw that the river was very wide, the shore being only dimly visible. At times that shore was not visible,—and the water, being perfectly calm and unruffled, lost itself in the sky. To use a venerable simile, the whole appeared like a bright, polished mirror. When I could see the shore plainly, the water was so clear and calm that the shadow of every rock and tree was distinctly traced in the water. It was a beautiful sight. It was a fairy scene.

I moved to the front once more to see what was to be seen. I found the little brother as funny as ever. His ponderous form and his ponderous witticisms alike created great amusement. He was the "observed of all observers." People were admiring Nature's beauties, and roaring with laughter at intervals.

We are coming to the Split Rock Rapids. Even the novel readers close their books and step forward as this name is mentioned. It is a great sight. Every eye, every mind is strained, to take in the scene. Split Rock Rapid is called so for this reason: its bed is one vast and continuous rock, too near the surface for vessels to pass. By the skill of English engineers that rock has been split; a channel forty-six feet wide has been blasted clean out of it; and if the boat were to go too far to the right or left it would probably be dashed to pieces. Once, when the very vessel on which I sailed—that is, the *Corinthian*—was coming through, she struck this rock, grazed over it a distance of fifteen feet, and then stuck fast. There was, of course, great alarm; but things turned out well: the passengers were all landed in boats, and conveyed on the railway that same evening to Montreal; and the vessel was got off, without much damage, after a three days' effort. I am very happy to say that we passed through in perfect safety.

You will naturally understand that, as we hurry down these Rapids at such a fearful rate, it must be hard work for the steamer to *come up* the river. Just so: it would, indeed, be hard work. I may tell you in confidence that it cannot be done. They cannot steam up here at all. What they do is to turn off to the south at Beauharnois

and go up a distance by canal, passing round the Rapids of the Cascades, the Cedar, and the Coteau, into Lake St. Francis.

We are approaching the Lachine Rapids—the most intricate and most dangerous of all. We have been content with our own pilot so far ; but he, clever as he is, is not clever enough to take us through Lachine. We want some special knowledge and genius for that. Who can help us in our need ? An Indian— a full-blooded Indian—is the only man living who knows the channel of Lachine, and he pilots every vessel through. We come opposite to the Indian village of Caughnawauga. Now, we stop. We give a signal. We listen. We gaze. A boat puts off from the shore. Jean Baptiste, this far-famed Indian pilot, steers it. He is rowed by his two sons. He springs on board. His face is curiously studied by crowds of eager, inquisitive tourists. He is a fine, stalwart, reddish-brown man, with a clear, bright, piercing eye. He takes up his position on the right side of the wheel, and he steers us through the perilous passage of Lachine. No vessel goes through without him : he is quite indispensable. I fancy some few passengers are a little bit timid, or, as the Yankee word goes, “scared ;” but most of us feel quite cool, especially with the Indian pilot on board. There is real peril : one cannot blink that fact :—in several places the vessel would strike the boulder rocks if it were to go even only two or three feet out of its course ; and as its proper course winds and twists itself about most mysteriously, like an angry serpent, this is evidently a very intricate bit of steering. It is curious to note the reason why the early French settlers called this Rapid

La Chine. They got the strange notion into their heads that if they were to sail down this rapid they would find themselves in China, and so they called the passage "the China." It was an absurd blunder; but the name yet remains.

I will confess to you that I looked on Jean Baptiste with absorbed interest. He was a specimen of a race which is fast dying out in America. I had seen other Indians. The waiter at our table in the Niagara hotel belonged to that race. Others I had noticed here and there. But this man was near me. I could study him as I had not been able to study the others. Ever since, when a boy, I read Indian tales, I have been strangely interested in these American aborigines. I will not now discuss the American policy with regard to the Indians. To me it seems a cruel, treacherous, blood-thirsty, and disgraceful policy. I denounce it with all my power. I contend that when civilised and uncivilised races come into contact with each other the civilised people should act towards the uncivilised in a manner very different from that in which the Americans have acted towards the Indians, or that in which the English have acted towards the Maories. Though I feel strongly upon this point, I will not, I repeat, discuss it now. It would lead me too far away from my subject. I will only say that I looked upon our Indian pilot—so strong, so noble in appearance, so clear-headed, so clever—with feelings compounded of the warmest enthusiasm and the deepest sadness. I mourn for the Indian quarrels and wars in which the whites have been ever the aggressors. I mourn, also, that so few Indians have fallen in with civilisation and settled down

to those habits of steady productive industry which are so necessary to civilised life.

In half-an-hour after leaving Lachine Rapids we pass under the Victoria Bridge, after which the traveller comes into full view of Montreal. Victoria Bridge is a marvel. It was built by Robert Stephenson. It is the longest and largest bridge in the world. The distance between its abutments is one mile and a quarter; and its total length, including its massive embankments, is one mile and three quarters. They used in its erection 8000 tons of iron and 250,000 tons of stone. It cost 6,300,000 dollars.

Victoria Bridge introduces us to Montreal. It was evening when we got there. We went straight to the hotel, rested, and had "supper," as the Americans call it. Then I wrote a letter, and went out to post it and walk round a little. There are fine buildings and good streets in Montreal. Many, however, are narrow and winding. There are curious and quaint streets just like what one sees in the provincial towns in the north of France. The city is at the head of navigation for ocean vessels on the river. It is five hundred and forty miles from the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The place is built on an island of the same name which lies between the broad and majestic St. Lawrence and the swift-rushing Ottawa. The island is thirty-two miles long and ten miles wide, and is of level surface, excepting the eminence called Montreal or the Royal Mountain, which rises five hundred and fifty feet above the level of the river. The permanent founding of the city took place in 1642; and after one hundred years' existence its population was only 4,000. It was ruled by the French till 1760, and afterwards by the

English. In 1832 its inhabitants numbered just over 30,000. In consequence of political riots, the seat of government was removed from Montreal to Quebec, then to Toronto, and lastly to Ottawa. The city has now a population of nearly 170,000. So far as American cities are concerned, the commerce of Montreal is second only to that of New York. At the beginning of this century vessels of more than three hundred tons burden could not ascend to Montreal, and its foreign trade was transacted by means of brigs and barges. Now, ocean vessels of 4,000 tons, and ships of from 700 to 2,000 tons, whose flags show that they hail from all parts of the world, lie alongside its wharves. It is a busy place. The phenomena of the city are fresh and startling. The place is French and it is English. Many of the streets have French names; some have English names; others have their appellation posted up in both languages. If you go into a shop you find that every one who waits on you is able to speak in both languages. A shopman will speak to an English-speaking customer one minute, and the next he will answer a question put to him in Canadian French. Most of the people in Montreal speak French. It is only a minority which speaks English as its native tongue. Yet so strong and conquering a language is the English that it is winning its way. It is subduing and driving out the French. It is making itself universal. Though the vast majority of the people are Canadian French, yet you see that the business signs and notices in the streets are generally in English.

I could imagine myself in Calais, Douai, or Cambrai, as I look at these French Canadians, or gaze in at these

shop windows and see what sort of useful and fancy articles are exposed to view. It is a curious experience to me to stroll about and use my eyes in such a place as this.

After a good night's rest, the natural thing to do was to make a systematic tour of inspection. Seeing that pedestrianism is wearisome if you have too much of it, it was agreed that we should hire a carriage and drive round. It was done as soon as said. I was on the box with the driver. He was a pleasant, good-humoured man, a Roman Catholic, speaking French or English—just which you please. He pointed out the lions as we went along. For the sake of practice, and knowing that no one was within earshot to laugh at me if I were to make any mistake, I thought I should like to "improve the shining hour" by talking a little French: so I began as well as I could. He answered; and we kept on, backwards and forwards, for five minutes or so. Then we left it off by mutual consent, he politely putting it that I spoke the French of France, while he spoke the French of Canada, which was a different thing. It is indeed different. It is a mere dialect. I will not debate whether the driver was correct or merely courteous in his explanation: I will simply record it as an historical fact that our French conversation was a comparative failure.

There are two or three churches in this city which will well repay a visit. Christ Church Cathedral, the great Protestant centre, should be seen by every visitor; but, in spite of the judgment of some—that it is the most wonderful ecclesiastical structure in all America, it is, in my opinion, a very ordinary building. There is nothing particularly striking about it, either inside or outside; and,

certainly, it is quite thrown into the shade by the Catholic Cathedral of Notre Dame, and especially by the Church of the Gesu. Notre Dame is the largest church in America. It can seat thirteen thousand people. On Procession Sunday last June twenty thousand people were present, at one time, within its walls. It contains many fine paintings, and is a grand and noble place, gaudy and pretentious in simply two or three of its side chapels. I have seen many churches in my life, but I have never seen one to equal in dignity and real beauty the Church of the Gesu in Montreal. It is a gem. Its paintings are all good—its altar is a marvellous thing—and its frescoes would occupy me a month instead of the hurried inspection which was all I could bestow upon them. There is a large congregation at the Church of the Gesu every Sunday evening. I am told that most of the people who go there in the evening are Protestants, and that the Preaching Fathers, in their public addresses, generally keep the Protestants in mind. That is surely a most instructive fact.

We had a ride round the mountain. If it had been a fine clear day we should have had a glorious view of the city, the island, the far-away land, and the winding river; but, unfortunately, it was dull and misty. We could see things only in a dim and ghostly manner. It was very good, however, as it was,—and I will not venture to make any complaint.

Coming down, the coachman pointed out to me a house where Mr. Allan lives—one of the brothers who are the owners of the Allan Steamship Line. He could not well live in a grander situation; and though I knew very well

that I ought not to "covet" my "neighbour's goods," yet I could not help feeling that it would be nice for me to live there.

At one point on the return route, churches seemed to be multiplied miraculously. They did not exactly touch, but they were very close to one another. At one street crossing — I think it is where Bleury-street crosses Lagauchetière-street—there stands a church at each of the four corners :—a Baptist, a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian, and a Unitarian.

We visited the Grey Nunnery, a conventional and benevolent establishment with nearly five hundred inmates, including the Sisters of Charity who live there. It is a kind of almshouse. The inmates range from the youngest children to old men and women between eighty and ninety years of age. We were told that no distinction of religious denomination is made : all are admitted. Any Protestant minister may have interviews with any of the inmates who belong to his church. The inmates are fed, clothed, and taught to make various useful and ornamental articles. Such articles are sold to visitors or in the city, and the proceeds go to the general fund. Most tourists procure some memento of their visit. The beautiful artificial flowers, ornamental chains, slippers, mats, and so on, which have been made by the inmates, may well serve as such mementoes. Almost all the inmates speak French ; and all the very numerous religious mottoes on the walls are in the French language. As to the social and moral character of this place, there are those who would see evil where none appears, and who, apart from all evidence, would feel intuitively sure that the Grey

Nunnery is a horribly cruel and immoral place. For my own part, I am more opposed than most people are to the superstition of the thing. I denounce very much which I see in the Roman Catholic theology and practice. I was pained to behold so much Pharisaism about the place—so much unreal piety—so much artificial and systematic melancholy, humility, and sad casting down of the eyes—and such a generally pale, lack-lustre, and unhealthy look. I think that pure religion holds its head up higher than that, and is more straight-forward, healthy, and natural. But I want to be just. I saw no evil. I saw no evidence of immorality. I saw much which I thought very good :—and I believe that those Sisters are doing a good work.

Whenever I walked or rode about in Montreal I never forgot that I was in Canada—not in the States. I never lost sight of the fact that I was on our own soil,—that the Government of that country was, in a very real sense, my Government too. I am proud of Canada. It is large—larger than the States. It is very rich and productive. Its climate is extreme ; but it is healthy. Extremes of cold and heat have to be borne ; but they *can* be borne :—it is a land in which men can have health and strength, and in which they can *live*. I had a kind of fellow-feeling with the Canadians. While I love man *as* man, whatever his nationality may be, still, “charity begins at home,” and a noble national feeling is by no means antagonistic to the cultivation and the manifestation of the broadest humanitarianism. So, when in Canada, I regarded the people with peculiar interest and affection. They are our fellow-subjects. They acknowledge themselves one people with ourselves. They are, as a people, content to go on

as they are. A few Canadians have fomented rebellion, and those few now agitate for a separation from the mother country. Thus stands Canada. Not a man wants Canada to be annexed to the United States; a few want to have a separate and independent kingdom; and the mass and overwhelming majority are perfectly content as they are, and they want to maintain continuously their present connection with the old country. I have enquired particularly in this direction, because I was very anxious to know the facts, and I venture to say that English readers may take my words as altogether reliable with regard to the political position of Canada. The people know that England is just towards them. They know that they will not be forced to remain in a position which they will out-grow. They know that whenever it may seem to be natural and right, they will be allowed to "set up for themselves," as it were, with the best wishes of the old country for their welfare. They know that England's colonial policy is simply the welfare and security of her children. Thus it is that Canada is and will be ours. Thus it is that the name of England is honoured and loved throughout that vast Dominion.

LECTURE VII.

The White Mountains and Boston.

AS You leave Montreal on the way to the White Mountains of New Hampshire, you pass through a part of Canada, darkly, densely wooded, with here and there a plot cleared, the tree stumps yet remaining in the ground. As we steamed along, and before we got out of Canada, I had my first glimpse of really rough and ready log-huts. The trunks of fir trees had been split down the middle, and fastened to strong uprights, leaving their rough half-circles outside, and their smoother, more level surfaces inside. There dwell the honest and industrious settlers in health, peace, and prosperity.

The forests of Canada, as I could not help noticing, are something immense—seemingly limitless. Miles upon

miles of forest land,—woods and clearing, timber-piles, and log huts,—such is the panorama—changing, yet always the same.

We were told that a terrible fire had been ranging just before, desolating some hundreds of acres of woodland. But there is so much forest wood in Canada that the loss from fire is scarcely felt.

I feel more impressed by the Canadian forest scenery than by the prairie ocean of the Western States. I shall never forget the views I got of the Canadian woods. From my earliest boyhood I have been an enthusiastic admirer of the wild solitary forest and wood. Many a time have I been lost while wandering about in the woods of my native country. As we were whirled along in the steam-cars, I very ardently longed for an extensive ramble in those deep, dark, mysterious woods, where, far from every beaten track, I would “commune with Nature face to face,” explore the mysteries of Nature, and come back laden with Nature’s treasures of plant and animal life.

When we got to the frontier, the baggage was again examined. Our boxes and bags were thoroughly “ransacked” (in the etymological meaning of that word). The custom-house officials searched eagerly and fiercely as though for prey. Luckily for us they found nothing contraband. It being considered advisable to take supper before proceeding further, away we trudged through the deep yielding sand to a so-called “Hotel,” distant about fifty yards. A poorer, more miserable place I have rarely seen; a Hebe of more enchanting loveliness than the one we had to wait on us I have never beheld. It was a

heavenly vision. I was, every now and then, making some ridiculous mistake—and I made one at the said hotel. I begged some one to pass me a roasted apple from a number which looked very inviting: whereupon everybody kindly burst out laughing and informed me that the specified objects were “doughnuts,” and not apples at all.

As a kind of dessert, the master of the house—a tall lanky Vermonter—treated us to some popular airs, with considerable “variations,” on an ancient (almost antediluvian) violin.

Toiling back through the sand brought us to the cars, and a wearisome ride through the north-east corner of Vermont landed us, bye and bye, at the terminus of the line, viz., Gorham in the celebrated White Mountain district of the State of New Hampshire.

The Alpine House received our party in a comfortable, hospitable way. This a large and fine establishment. To live in it will prove to any one that frame-houses can be made very comfortable indeed. To listen to the tale of its construction will also show you with what railway or lightning speed houses can be run up. The foundation of Alpine house was laid on the 9th of May last year, and by the 16th of July following it was all finished and was opened for the purposes of a public hotel. I guess there is considerable slickness about that operation.

Next morning (Sunday) it was evidently going to be remarkably hot. The hills looked dim, vague, and hazy, and any one could see that they were making up their minds for a broil. Leaving Montreal I had fondly hoped to get into a cool, refreshing mountain region, but we had plainly jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire.

However, it was no use grumbling. We tried to make the best of things, and so we got on tolerably well.

There is fine scenery round Gorham. One range of hills is called the Starr King Range. This is in memory of Starr King, the celebrated Unitarian minister, who, ere he passed away, became such a mighty power on the Pacific slope, who liked to visit this district, who found it out, loved it, wrote about it, made it famous; and the result is Gorham and other settlements and a large annual influx of tourists.

Though it was such a hot day we contrived to attend two services in the Congregational Church—one conducted by the Trinitarian minister of the place, the other by a Universalist. We also went to a total Abstinence Meeting, which was held in the evening at the Methodist Church, and at which two of our party spoke—though neither was a pledged abstainer.

Our programme was to ascend Mount Washington. The first stage in the journey was a stage coach from Gorham to Glen House, through some of the most lovely scenery that can be imagined, something like the Peak scenery, and more like the views round Bethgellert in North Wales. The weather was hot and dry. The road was dusty beyond description. I sat by the driver's side, and had much conversation. He told me all about his circumstances, and about his little girl, who was staying, and had been staying for some time, at a farm-house, a quarter of a mile to the right of our road. As we went on talking, I had forgotten this; but when we got to a certain point, he looked round to the right, and waved his hat. Somebody just outside the farm-house porch was

waving a white handkerchief. I thought it was very pretty for friends thus to salute each other from a distance. He told me it was his daughter : that made it especially beautiful. I was told it would trouble her dreadfully if he were to pass without waving his hat. One day, absorbed in thought, he forgot the salutation, and it was such a bitter grief to her that he has always remembered it since. So this humble, ordinary-looking driver has a large and warm heart :—he systematically looks out for the particular point on his route, and he waves the salute from far.

After dinner at Glen House, the next thing was to ascend the mountain, not by honest climbing, but by stage coach. It is eight miles by the road from Glen House to Tip-top House on Mount Washington. It was a romantic, sublime road, which had been made at great expense. The trees had been cleared away ; the rock had been blasted ; and soil and rock had been laid down so as to form a good road. Men labour continually to keep it in repair. At times the path seemed really dangerous : to our left a deep and fearful declivity ; and as we turned a corner, winding our way up, it seemed as though nothing could save us from a headlong fatal fall down into that dark and dread abyss. We had four horses to draw five of us. A stage a little way in front had six horses for eight passengers. Our noble steeds were spirited and frisky enough at first, but they cooled off considerably before we got to the top. It goes against my conscience to ride much uphill in hot weather, so, in mercy to the horses, I got out to gather flowers and curious stones, and plod my own way up. It is a fine hill ; its height is rather over 6,200 feet.

Thousands of people go up every year. If you have a fine clear day, you can get a splendid view of the whole district round ; but supposing it to be misty, foggy, and cloudy, you can scarcely see a hundred yards before you. Washington is like the Welsh Snowdon : she is a capricious and fickle coquette—very lovely and charming, but very fond of tantalising and disappointing her admirers. The weather, as a rule, is dull. The Summit of Snowdon is called “The Conspicuous,” and very commonly the fact is a contradiction of the name : so with Mount Washington. To see it at its best would close the eye to all other sights for the rest of life ; but the veil of mist which so generally shrouds the hill obscures—and at the same time, renders ghostly and sublime—the beauties of the scene.

The first thing I noticed when I attained the summit of Washington was that the Hotel is chained down. Heavy chains are flung right over and across the roof ; the ends of the chains come down on either side of the building ; they are fastened securely through the platform and into the solid rock. I noted the same thing in the case of two or three other buildings about here. Why is this ? Simply to keep them from being blown away when the first gale of wind comes. These slight and flimsy “frame buildings,” as they are termed, made up of thin wooden planks, cannot stand ten minutes against a brisk wind : they must be chained down.

We were puzzled to explain how it was that the hotel on the summit of Mount Washington was called Tip-top House. Was it because the hotel is situated at the very top of the mountain ? or was it because its charges are tip-top—as high as they can possibly be made ? When

we left it we could explain the name precisely. We knew, from the depth of our experience, that the reason why it was christened so was because of its tariff. Everything is dear, and all charges are enormous, on Mount Washington. I suppose that this is on the principle of "making hay while the sun shines." The proprietors know very well that those who are their guests will never, in all probability, ascend that mountain again:—so they determine to get out of them all they possibly can, and to make them remember the "bill"—whatever else they may forget.

All sorts of people were at the hotel on the summit. An American hotel is really wonderful. It is like a little city, all to itself. You have everything you want within call. You know at the beginning precisely what it is going to cost you per day: there are no "extras" to double the cost of staying there. To find an hotel on the American plan right on the top of this mountain was, after all, an agreeable sight. All visitors register their names in the hotel book. This list frequently furnishes the inquisitive and gossiping people with something to talk about, and—as in my case—it is occasionally very useful. Looking over the register, I saw the name of "James H. Raper, England." I at once jumped to the conclusion that this was the Mr. Raper who is so prominent in England in connection with the Alliance movement. I sought him out, found that my surmise was correct, and had a good long chat—promenading up and down in front of the hotel. He had been in America eight months, and was going to stay a few weeks longer yet. I cannot say how pleasant it was for me to meet a

well-known Englishman so far away from the old country which we both loved so well.

Our way down to the foot of Mount Washington was in a railway train. Fancy that ! The train sloping downwards as though it might soon topple over, and send us all flying down the abyss—steam on simply to act as a brake, and check our progress downwards. Surely this was travelling made easy ! Fancy taking people up and down the mountain at so much a head ! I wanted to climb, to rough it, to get down in a romantic, step-by-step way ; and here we were, in a prosaic railway-train, gently lowered to the valley. The stage-coach was bad enough ; but this was worse. There was, however, a certain romance in it—the romance of man's genius and the achievements of his science. Man's wonderful triumphs over the difficulties which beset him in his path are illustrated at every turn as one goes about in this New World.

Away to Boston,—not stopping for anything,—not turning aside to see Henry Ward Beecher, who was staying at the Twin Mountain House, and who was preaching there the previous Sunday to a vast audience from the whole district round ; on, skirting the beautiful lake of Winnepesaukie ; on, still on, not stopping at Concord, nor at Lowell—known in many lands for its wonderful cotton mills and its vast and increasing general industry ; on, past half-a-dozen pleasant towns and villages, fed from Boston, places where Boston merchants live, going into town by rail for their business ; on, through a thriving, comfortable-looking district, in which the small state of Massachusetts shows its greatness, and

in which man has marvellously succeeded in battling with inhospitable Nature. At last, with a piercing shriek and the wild clang of the engine bell, we dashed into Boston.

Before I could realise it, I found we were driving along the streets of the Athens of America—the home of American learning and genius—the one place which gives the law to the thinking of the Northern States, just as South Carolina gives the tone to Southern sentiment. For years I had had a high idea of Boston, and had warmly wished to see it. Now, at last, I was really present in the city. Driving along from the railway station to the Tremont House, I looked out with intense interest on the houses and stores, which are so much like those of an English town. Boston is the most English of all American cities, just as Philadelphia is the most un-English. Boston streets are not all perfectly straight, and they are not all arranged after the same pattern. There is some variety. The houses are of varying height. The streets wind about. Now they are narrow;—soon again they are wide. They vary all ways from one another; and each one is varied in different parts of its course.

Massachusetts is a small State, and Boston proper is inferior in population to New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and St. Louis; but, in spite of that, Massachusetts wields in America an influence altogether out of proportion to its size, and Boston heads the thinking of America and is the most intellectual city on this continent. The first impression, however, a stranger gets of Boston is a different one. The place seems pre-eminently a busy, pushing, thriving hive of trade and commerce. It has been so all through its history. Within one year after the Puritians colonised

the place, ships were built and trade was carried on. From the day when its name was changed from Indian Shawmut to English Boston, it entered upon an era of steady and regular trade activity and commercial prosperity. As early as 1719, 24,000 tons of shipping were cleared annually from its port. At the end of the 17th century Boston was about the largest and richest city in America; and it has ever since been in the very first rank.

I got into Boston in the evening, and, after a wash and a meal, there was one thing I felt I must do before retiring for the night, viz., go to see Faneuil Hall. I went, examined it, called to mind its history. It was erected in 1742, destroyed by fire in 1761, re-built at the cost of the city, and enlarged to its present size in 1805. The ground floor has always been used as a market, and the upper room has been used, free of charge, by public requisition, for almost every important public meeting which has ever been held in the city. The portraits of America's political worthies adorn the walls. Men pleaded in Faneuil Hall the cause of the white man, and contended for his rights. Theodore Parker and others pleaded in that Hall the cause of the negro,—demanded the black man's rights.

You see how Boston has got on in material respects if you note the growth of its population. In 1790 only 18,083 people lived there. In 1800 the inhabitants numbered 30,049; whereas in 1870 the population was 250,526. The annexation of Charlestown, West Roxbury, and Brighton, raised the figure to 292,499. The estimated population based on the assessor's returns of 1873, was 357,254. These figures do not include Cambridge, on the opposite side of the Charles river, an attractive and

important town, in which an additional 50,000 people reside.

Walking the streets in order, if possible, to meet with a book which I particularly wanted, I soon found that Boston is able to supply you with anything you may want in the book line. Messrs. Schönhof & Möller, in Winter-street, Boston, could oblige me where Chicago, Detroit, and Montreal had failed.

Washington-street is a fine thoroughfare. It is a succession of surprises. As it winds along you cannot see very far ahead at any one moment; and from time to time in your leisurely stroll you come upon good, striking, and splendid buildings. Between Washington-street and the wharves the business done is mostly wholesale; while to the east of Washington-street the bargains made are characteristically retail. There is an astonishing amount of fashionable "shopping" gone through. Dry goods dealers make their fortunes, and husbands and fathers grumble at the length of the bills.

Bostonians are very proud of their Common. It is not very large, and it is not very wonderful; but it is a venerable affair. Ever since there has been a Boston there has been a Boston Common. It has natural beauty. It is well-wooded. The botanical names of the trees are labelled upon them: so you can enjoy the scene and study the most delightful of sciences all at the same time. It has been said that the great test-question for a man who goes to settle down in Boston is not—How much money have you? or—Who and what was your father? but it is—What do you know? I thought of that saying in connection with those botanical names upon the trees.

It came to me, too, as I noted sundry literary, linguistic, and scientific peculiarities and traces here and there, as I walked inquisitively around.

The old elm on Boston Common is a curiosity. It is an object of great interest. It is the oldest tree in New England. It found a place in a map which was engraved in 1722. It was the tree of liberty, On its branches they used to hang pirates, murderers, deserters, and poor old women "convicted" of withcraft. This old tree is preserved most jealously. A gale splintered off and hurled down some of its branches in 1832, whereupon, at great cost and toil, the said branches were restored to their proper positions, and firmly secured by means of iron bars and bands.

One day I went to the Old South Church—reverenced by patriotic America as the spiritual home of some of her bravest sons, as the training ground of Boston troops in the old revolutionary struggle, as having been desecrated (so an inscription outside declares) by the forcible entry of the British troops in 1775. This remarkable church is to be shortly sold by auction to make room for business premises, unless the purchase money be soon supplied by patriots who will perpetuate the structure in its present condition. To stand in that church,—empty, dirty, with one part devoted to an exhibition of the "Century Plant," or emblematic representation of the Union,—and the whole edifice appearing desolate and dreary,—was not a pleasant experience. I do not believe in the theology which was once preached in the Old South,—and I am an Englishman, not an American; but still, if I had been living in America of late, depend upon it I should not

have shared the New England apathy which has allowed the Old South Church to go to wrack and ruin ; and I should have argued that it ought to be preserved as carefully as the Philadelphians have maintained their old State House or Independence Hall. I am, however, glad to hear, in this connection, that Mr. Hale and others are trying, though late in the day, to preserve the thing as a kind of museum.

Away to the Bunker Hill monument. It is on Charlestown Heights. We go in the street car, and then, leaving the car, we ascend a small hill to the right of the route. This monument, as everybody knows, was built to commemorate the battle of Bunker Hill, fought, between the American colony here and the British troops, on the 16th of June, 1775. It is plainly and massively built of grey granite. You go up over 260 steps before you get to the top. I inquired of the custodian whether few or many English people go up this monument. The answer was "Very many." I have long contended that the mass of English people cherish a very friendly feeling towards the Americans, and repudiate and denounce the tyranny which, a century ago, forced their fathers to rebel. The fact that so many English tourists ascend the monument proves that they have no grudge against the Americans because the colonists conquered a century ago. I am quite sure that if they *had* any grudge against them they would never toil up those 260 steps. If one is anyway asthmatic he finds it hard work to get up there, and he wants many a rest on the way. When we reach the summit we can not only enjoy the prospect but also look back, without any bitterness, to the page of history which tells

how this granite pillar became a necessity. The authors of that rebellion were not the good men who were engaged in it: they were the blind, unreasoning despots who refused to heed the wise counsels of statesmen like Pitt and Burke:—thus it was that we lost these colonies: thus it is that there is now a Bunker Hill monument.

The prospect from the top of the monument is really wonderful. I lingered entranced. Boston is famous for its suburbs. They stretch out far and wide into the open and beautiful country. The mingled view, from that commanding height, of city, suburbs, towers, spires, river, wharves, ships, trees, and fields, can never be forgotten by me.

My next visit was to Harvard university, in Cambridge, on the opposite side of the Charles river from Boston. Harvard is the oldest university in America. It is also, and always has been, the best in the country, though Yale is a formidable rival, runs it hard, and has almost realised its level.

Six years after the settlement of Boston the city granted, for the establishment of a high school, a sum of money equal to one year's entire tax of the whole colony. Two years afterwards, viz., in 1638, the Rev. John Harvard, an English clergyman who lived in Charlestown, left a noble bequest in favour of the same object. The thing has been pecuniarily improved from time to time. Its property now is worth 6,000,000 dollars.

The grounds are delightful. It is pleasant to walk round. There is something perfectly charming in the scholastic atmosphere of the place. It was vacation time; so I could not see things in working order; but I examined

most of the buildings. There is a medical school, a school of law, schools of science, buildings for the arts course, a divinity school, &c. The library in Gore Hall contains 260,000 volumes. I spent half-an-hour in that library, and should not grumble if I could be imprisoned there for a month on bread and water. Every visitor looks over Professor Agassiz's zoological museum, a wonderful collection, in which some results of the Professor's fossil researches meet the eye. If you are so disposed, you can trace in that museum the various phases in the evolution of the myriad forms of life on this globe.

Boston not only boasts of possessing the best University in America, but it is also pre-eminent in the matter of public libraries. The amount of money it spends year by year on its public libraries ought to put to the blush many cities which might be mentioned.

In elementary education, too, the city is quite alive. The common school system—which is the glory of the States, and which has done more than perhaps anything else to bind together into some sort of unity the various emigrants to the States and to render probable the permanence of the American republican experiment,—is in full force in Boston. The modern Athens ranks amongst the highest in the amount of material furnished free to pupils year by year. In 1875 it furnished books to the value of 51,879 dollars; and the cost of other books, stationery, and so on, was 104,252 dollars for 44,000 pupils. Boston is perhaps not the city which it once was; but it still, undoubtedly, stands very high in respect to intellectual education of all grades.

Mount Auburn, which was Washington's headquarters,

and which is now the residence of the poet Longfellow, is in Cambridge, not far from the university.

Hard by is the Washington Elm, sole survivor of that wild vast forest which once covered all that part of Cambridge. Under that elm Washington took command of the colonial army, on the 3rd of July, 1775.

There are many other interesting things about Boston—things which I have not time to describe. There is the Navy Yard; there are various buildings of importance; there is the Brookline suburb; there are the wharves;—but I must say no more. A volume would be necessary to tell all about Boston. I must leave “the modern Athens” of America. It deserves that name as much as Edinburgh merits the same title of in Scotland. It is a sharp, shrewd, business-like, intellectual, brilliant city. I like its English look. I like its Puritan spirit. I like its intellectual keenness. I like its business enterprise. It is a solid and substantial city.

Let us draw the curtain, and finish the drama for the present. When next the veil is drawn it will discover us dashing away from the Fitchburg and Rutland Railway Depot, on the way for Saratoga. For the present, then, we must desert Boston—leave Athens behind us;—but, as our faces are set towards Saratoga, I know some people who think we gain more than we lose by a new departure.



LECTURE VIII.

From Saratoga to New York.

I SAID in my last lecture that there are many very clever, brilliant, intellectual people in Boston. Riding away from the city in the steam cars, I met with one striking instance or case. An ancient simpleton is said to have carried about with him one brick as a specimen of a particular house ; but if I point out one person as a sample of a dominant class in Boston, my conduct will be sensible instead of silly. Leaving the city behind, and hastening on west-by-north towards Fitchburg, I got into conversation with a Boston young lady who was going out for her vacation. You must not, for a moment, imagine that I would dream of intruding my conversation ; but the fact of the matter was that one natural remark about

the weather led to another remark—equally natural—about the scenery,—and so on. Our talk was a treat to me. She was very intelligent and well-educated. She was a teacher in a high-class day-school, and was going off to visit some friends for a short vacation. She had two books with her to read while away:—one was Combe's "Phrenology," and the other was Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe." Were not those two books rather hard nuts to crack? There are people less than a hundred miles away from where I speak who would consider them a dull, dry study; but the said Boston teacher was taking them with her on a pleasure-trip. I do not exactly approve of spoiling a vacation by hard reading. I think it would be more healthful, on such an occasion, to roam about in the open air, studying flowers, stones, and insects, than to pore over books. On other grounds, however, I deemed it beautiful and admirable that a young lady—instead of being absorbed in bonnets, dresses, embroidery, and the piano—should have such literary and intellectual tastes. I was, in many respects, glad to see it. I have no doubt that Boston contains many such. I have no doubt that she is a specimen of a large class of people who have made Boston famous. I also think that it has been repeatedly demonstrated that women are capable of as profound and thorough intellectual education as is possible to men.

At Fitchburg the cars stopped to allow the passengers to dine. As, after the due performance of the mysterious ceremonies of gastronomy, we—going on by a later train—had two or three hours to spare, I walked about the town a good deal to fill up the time. This was in defiance

of the venerable adage, "After dinner sit awhile;" but still I did it. Fitchburg is a small place, but bright and pleasant. I tried to find out the minister of the Unitarian Church; but he, like so many others, was away on his vacation. This I might have assumed before-hand; but, in this one case, I thought I would come to the conclusion after a careful induction: so round about I went. Inquiring at one house which I thought was his, I found that the inhabitants were members of his congregation. This was pleasant. Courteously welcomed, I had considerable chat or small-talk.

The continuation of our journey took us past Bellows Falls to Rutland. In that town we stayed all night. It is a larger and busier place than the Fitchburg which we had left. Rutland has a somewhat prominent political position. You must frequently have seen its name in connection with political conferences and meetings.

Next morning found us pursuing our way towards Saratoga. Nearer and nearer we approached. I had heard so much about the place as the great fashionable resort for America, with no formidable rival save elect, select, dignified, and aristocratic Newport, that my expectations were aroused. I eagerly looked out for the arrival. At last we got there. The conductor opened the door of the car and shouted out the name, giving it—with most abominable twang—as "Sar-r-r-rato-o-o-g-e-e-e."

To drive to the "Continental" was the work of only a minute or two. It is a quiet and peaceful hotel. We preferred to go there if the alternative was the noisy, bustling, central hotels in Broad-street.

Saratoga is a fine, cheerful, fashionable place of national

importance. People—shoals of them—visit it from all parts of America. For what do they go? What is the attraction? Is it the mineral springs? or is it the fashionable society? When you have looked about a little you can give your opinion. For myself, I say decidedly that nine-tenths of the people come to Saratoga for the society,—not for the springs. To believe in the waters is orthodoxy. To deny or question their marvellous virtues—that is rank heresy. The proper thing to do is to drink the waters periodically. Everyone who is not an outlaw or a barbarian patronises the springs. The most fashionable devotees pretend to really like the taste of the liquid. Concealing their repugnance and loathing, and smoothing down their faces until they present a beautiful picture of smiling complacency and connoisseur-like appreciativeness, they sip the water of the Geyser, the Columbia, or the Congress Hall spring, and even dare to “guess” that the beverage is mighty good. There are twenty-seven of these medicinal springs in Saratoga. I drank at seven or eight of them. All the water which I tasted was very nasty and very beneficial. I did not stay to sip it. I did not dare to experiment so delicately. I made short work of it, and drank down a glassful at one gulp. If I ever deal in medicine it is wholesale, not retail: so, while friends around were sipping with the utmost deliberation and facial distortion, I tossed off my bumper, and felt no particular harm. I suppose the proper thing for me to say is that I know the Saratoga waters did me very great good:—what I *will* say is that I do not feel any the worse for taking them. Their composition is certainly attractive, and must needs be

beneficial. There is sulphur in some; there is iron in them all; common salt is the principal ingredient. If you analyse the water of the celebrated Saratoga Geyser, or Spouting Spring, you find seventeen varieties of solid contents. Magnesia and lime are present in great force, and chloride of sodium composes nearly three-fifths of the whole. The compound is exquisite. Drink the waters you must. Hotel proprietors recommend them; doctors prescribe them; above all, fashion commands and society insists. In the season of 1875 over 100,000 persons visited the Geyser Spring; other springs were patronised in proportion. In the Centennial 1876, depend upon it, the number of visitors to these medicinal springs has been much greater than that of 1875.

While American hotels in general are remarkable, those of Saratoga are particularly wonderful. I suppose that the United States Hotel in Broad-street is the largest in the world. It has sleeping accommodation for 3500 guests. It is a city of itself. All kinds of shops or stores are connected with it. It occupies a vast quadrangular space. In the centre are beautiful gardens, tastefully laid out and stocked. There are piazzas overlooking the street and others inside commanding the gardens. There are people who make their home here,—who really have no home of their own, but who stay here permanently at so much per month or per year.

The Grand Union Hotel, further down Broad-street, on the same side, is a splendid affair—"real elegant," as some Americans put it. It has sleeping accommodation for 3000 people, and was crowded when we were in Saratoga, as, indeed, were all other hotels and boarding-houses.

Congress Hall, just opposite the Grand Union, can admit 2700 guests, and is itself a most wonderful place.

The people who stay in Saratoga hotels are mostly Americans who have plenty of money, and who want to know how to get rid of it. While they stay in the place they learn what to do with the greenbacks: they find there are many ways for them. "Society," so-called, is very dashing, glittering, and glaring. Saratoga women think they know just how to dress and dazzle;—well, they do certainly know how to make the dollars fly; but as for true taste in dress, there is very little of it in the States. The majority of the ladies who were decked out for evening concert or ball were most showily and gaudily costumed, but were not—in my judgment—tastefully arrayed. And then the expense—yes, that must be something enormous. It would run away with a small (or even a large) fortune to stay long in Saratoga. I wonder where all the money comes from. American men make money fast, and their wives and daughters spend it for them. Some of these Saratoga belles must be extremely costly articles. If they have husbands, they will ruin their lords and masters very soon—unless the purses prove absolutely unfathomable. If these young ladies have no husbands, but are trying to get some, then woe to the men who marry them—unless, as I say, the purses prove absolutely bottomless and inexhaustible. No specified fortune, no business profits, can long brave Saratoga or endure what is seen in these streets, on these piazzas, and in these drawing-rooms.

Mentioning the drawing-rooms reminds me of their magnificence. A young nation, overflowing with money,

lavishes wealth in rich and dazzling display. It has been said that the negro is perfectly oriental in his love of fine colours and striking ornamentation ; so I think that many Americans feel naturally the oriental or negro love of finery and delight in sheer magnificence of colour, material, and form. As to carpets, blinds, curtains, chandeliers, stencilling, chairs, cushions, couches, sofas, ottomans, and so on, you cannot conceive of anything more gorgeous than is to be found in the drawing-rooms of the United States or the Grand Union. See them as they are lighted up for the evening. A friend in Saratoga was very anxious to show us round ; and, under his escort, we saw what there was to be seen. We passed through the various Hotels in Broad-street, and we looked round. I thought we were intruders, and had no right to look about so. I felt uncomfortable. But it seemed all right. Streams of people were peering about just as we were. People who put up at one hotel take a good look at all the others. They are public places. The proprietors are glad for any who are not guests to look round to their hearts' content. The hotel-keepers think that visitors will probably determine to stay at their particular hotel when next they come to Saratoga.

When you are alone you can do as you like ; but when a person is one of a party he has to be guided, to some extent, by the opinions and wishes of others. So it was with me. Not by my own choice, but whether I would or not, I was taken to see a Mexican dwarf, Lucia Zarate, who is twelve years old and only twenty-seven inches high. She speaks Mexican Spanish. It was very curious and very painful to look at her. It is confidently

prophesied that she will be more talked about bye-and-bye than even Tom Thumb ever was.

I had not got to the end of my trials. Beneath this lowest deep there yawned a lower still. Friends took me to see a performing pig. After considerable persuasion I went, devoutly thankful that no one from Ainsworth could see me going in. The animal had been very cleverly trained to answer any questions in arithmetic or history, and to play a game at cards. It was a curious sight. It showed what can be accomplished by careful and patient training, even in the case of a pig. It is interesting to note that the Yankees have such a fine system of secular education that they can train not only the boys and girls but also the pigs.

I suppose that almost all visitors to Saratoga drive out to the Lake. It does not really deserve much remark. It is by no means so lovely as it has been loudly declared to be. It is a very ordinary sheet of water. The ride or drive out there is, however, a cheerful and healthy thing. The air all round here is fresh, pure, and invigorating.

Thus, then, in comfort and peace, in pomp and splendour, in profusion and luxury, by the health-giving springs or in the fashion-thronged hotels, various American health or pleasure seekers pass the time away.

All this must end for us. We must quit Saratoga. Our train leaves to-morrow morning for Albany.

Now the morning has come. We find ourselves flying away towards Albany—a quiet, respectable town which does not get many compliments from tourists, but which just goes on its way and does its duty. It was an old Dutch settlement,—and it has always led a quiet, patient,

easy-going, Dutch-like life of straight-forward industry. It is now the second city in importance in the large state of New York. It has at the present time some 50,000 inhabitants.

Arrived at Albany, we were carried along in a stream of people on to one of the Hudson River day boats, and down the river we went, witnessing a natural panorama all the way. Everything was favourable—a good boat, a fine day, agreeable society, and a river noted for the romantic scenery on its banks. This trip down the Hudson is a thing to be remembered. The Hudson has often been spoken of as “the Rhine of America.” There is some justice in the comparison which is implied. Both the Rhine and the Hudson are romantic and beautiful; the banks of both at times slope gently down to the water’s edge, and at times are rugged, rocky, and precipitous; in both, as the stream winds along, ever fresh and changing pictures of loveliness are unfolded to the eye; in both, the tops of the banks are ever and anon crowned with castles; but here the similarity ends, for the Rhine has about it a great wealth of old fable, legend, and historical fact, going far back into the middle ages; while the Hudson’s associations are all modern. We dream about the roaming Indian; we recall Dutch, English, and American exploits and experiences of the last two centuries; and that is all. Then the Rhine has real castles, on its banks; but when you see a castle on the Hudson’s heights, be sure it is only a private house, built in that style to suit the owner’s fancy.

The Rhine of America, as it is called, is very beautiful. The principal places we passed on the eastern side were

Hudson city, a large and busy trading town, and Poughkeepsie, as large and as busy, On the western shore we saw Newburgh; the Catskill Mountains in a distant, but tolerably distinct, and very charming view; then Tarrytown, associated with the celebrated Washington Irving.

The Palisades are wall-like cliffs, standing up sheer out of the water, and watching over this lovely Hudson as though she were a treasure guarded by the envious genii of some Oriental Story. Then came Jersey city and New York on the opposite banks of the stream.

This New York is one of the world's chief centres of commerce. The flags of all nations wave before us as we glide towards the quay. Most of the Transatlantic steamships steer from and to New York. Built on Manhattan Island, cramped for room, spreading out west across the Hudson river into Hudson city, Jersey city, and Hoboken, spreading out east across East River into Brooklyn, Williamsburg, and other places on Long Island, New York bids fair to become a more and more important centre of population and trade for the whole civilised world.

The Dutchman, Hendrick Hudson, sailed into New York Bay in the autumn of 1609. In 1625 a permanent Dutch settlement was made. In 1652 a "burgher government" was established, and the city was formally named New Amsterdam. Then it passed into the hands of the English, who changed its name to New York, in honour of James Duke of York, second son of Charles the First. In 1673 the Dutch got hold of it again, and christened it New Orange. One year later it reverted to the English by treaty; and it was held by England until the independence of the colonies was acknowledged.

The increase of the population is extraordinary. In 1653 the inhabitants numbered 1120 ; in 1800 the number was 60,489 ; in 1830 it had risen to 202,589 ; in 1840 it was 312,710 ; and in 1870 the population had reached a total of 942,292. It is now close upon a million.

After a rest at the hotel—(for, pleasant as sight-seeing is, you cannot be always at it)—we had a grand stroll about the streets, along Broadway, past Trinity Church, which is one of the finest ecclesiastical structures on this continent ; back to the new Post-office—as large an achievement in the post-office line as I have ever seen, costing six million dollars ; then walked around the splendid building known as the City Hall.

I was struck with the height of the business buildings in the principal streets. I scanned many of them most closely. Two were especially lofty. I scarcely know how to give you an adequate idea of the height of these two buildings. My difficulty arises out of the ambiguity of the word “storey.” As applied to a building, some mean one thing by it and others another. Some would say that the two New York structures to which I refer are eight stories high ; but, according to my use of words, they are nine stories high.

Broadway is the great business thoroughfare, as Fifth Avenue is the great promenade of fashion. Each is wonderful in its own way. Walking along Broadway, I said that it seemed far more quiet than the London Fleet-street or Strand would be at the same hour ; but I had afterwards reason to change my mind, and I felt inclined to swallow my words and declare that New York is almost as noisy as the great Babel on the Thames.

New York is a city of refuge for knaves and villains, and low degraded people of all kinds, from all parts of the world. Many who flee from Europe to escape justice go to New York and stop there. Its neighbourhood of the Five Points is about as dangerous a quarter as is to be found in any city under the sun. The world rolls; men in general progress; and New York undoubtedly improves—morally and socially, as well as in other respects; but remembering the nature of much of its population, we need not be surprised that New York has to contend against special difficulties. Thus, in criticising New York, one should be specially considerate and judicial.

One morning we took the street cars to the Central Park, hired a carriage, and had a drive round. It is very fine and beautiful, the pride of all New Yorkers. It consists of 864 acres of land. Some time ago this land was as bare, desolate, and uninviting as can be imagined. The soil was shallow; the vegetation was scanty and coarse; in many cases the rough Trap rock was visible, towering up into rude, unshapely eminences. Art has conquered nature; the soil has been enriched; trees have been planted, grass-plats laid out, flower beds formed, lakes hollowed out and shaped romantically; and now, when the eye falls on the Trap rock yet shooting up at intervals, it is seen to only add to the beauty, by variety and by contrast.

There is a bridge in this Park which cost three million dollars, or £600,000. I could not find out how little of that sum was spent in the work, and how much of it went to fill the purses of the contractors; but I do venture to suppose that they retired from business and lived on their means soon after the bill was settled. There are 15 miles

of carriage drives in the Park, eight miles of bridle-paths, and 25 miles of footways. These figures rest on the authority of a cab driver and a guide-book. You may believe them or not, just as you like or feel able; but my advice is, accept the above figures "with a grain of salt," that is, making a liberal discount.

Leaving my friends and the Central Park, I made my way as quickly as possible away north-east towards Harlem to pay a special visit to one who was brought up in Ainsworth Chapel and Sunday School. When one is pushed for time, as we say, and has a long distance to go, he gets rather flurried and excited. I fretted at every obstacle. At one point I was to cross a bridge in order to get to the street car which would take me to West Farms. But the said bridge had been swung round by mechanical agency so as to allow a vessel to pass along. A crowd of people, anxious to cross, had, therefore to wait, with whatever patience they could muster, until that manœuvre had been accomplished. Talk about the punishment which Tantalus underwent! Why, imagine us standing there unable to get over the river! When at length, the bridge slowly swung back to its place, we hurried across,—and lo! all who were going to West Farms found that their car had just left. We could see it in the distance. To catch it was out of the question: two minutes earlier would have done it:—but we were just too late. We might as well have been half-an-hour behind. "A miss is as good as a mile." What was I to do? There was no steam-car. There was not a cab to be had "for love or money, as the saying is. I must walk it. I did so. I stepped out briskly, got there at last, saw some friends,

—though not the one whom I specially wished to see. He was away from home, and would not be back for some time yet to come.

In pleasant conversation time passes quickly by. It passed by in this case with most marvellous speed. When I became conscious of the lapse of time, I was too late for any car down into New York, that would get me to the Jersey Ferry in time to return to Philadelphia with my friends. We had fixed it to return at a given time; and I was to meet them. Impossible! But I would try my best. I would strive—even against the inevitable. So off I started. Now and then I found a car to help me along a part of the road; but, as a rule, I walked. Two cabmen to whom I spoke wanted such an enormous sum for the distance that I resisted the imposition, would have nothing whatever to do with them, and preferred to run the risk of missing my boat. Besides, according to their calculation, they could not possibly drive me to the Ferry in time. Consequently, eschewing cabs, I went by "Walker's 'bus"—to quote the words of a certain duett. The pace at which I moved along was something frightful. It astonished those natives who were not too busy to notice anything. New Yorkers are tolerably brisk in their movements. The grass never grows under their feet. They never go to sleep as they walk. Still, numerous brisk and lively New Yorkers stared considerably at me as I steamed along upon that occasion. What was my success? It was brilliant. By hurrying along faster than anyone ought to travel on foot, I managed to get to the Ferry just—about five minutes too late.

I had the pleasure of waiting about for the next boat,

and then of waiting on the other side for the next train from Jersey City, across New Jersey to Philadelphia. A quick ride on the Central Jersey Railway took me away from the empire city to the Quaker city of brotherly love, whence we had started for this circular tour.

Once again I was in the midst of Centennial rejoicings. Once more I rode along the regular and far-extending streets. Once more, after much wandering,—after, at least, seeing a little of America—seeing, as one lady expressed it, “a slight slice of America’s great territory,”—I found myself in the land of Penn, in the hospitable “city of homes,” and in the midst of friends.



LECTURE IX.

Religion in America.

I AM to night to speak of Religion in America. The importance of this subject can scarcely be over-estimated.

Various motives may induce people to cross the Atlantic in order to look round in the States: as—to see the Exhibition, to visit relations or friends, to study American politics or American religion, or to view the country in general. Various attractions allure various people when they have crossed the ocean and find themselves in the western land. Some spend their time quietly with their friends, others exhaust themselves in sight-seeing, near and far; others are caught by the numerous snares of great cities. Some European visitors spend their time

and waste their money in ways of which they are afterwards ashamed ; others make it their business to inquire into the higher life of the country—to find out how America lives and thrives, in its political and religious aspects and efforts.

For myself let me say that, powerful as were several motives in leading me out west for a brief visit on a recent occasion, the one chief inducement was that thereby I might see American religion close at hand, and might acquire some clearer idea than I before possessed of the religious life, work, and condition of that wondrous land. And to-night, I ask your attention—not to the great cities of America, not to its natural wonders, not to its great exposition, not to its social manners and condition, not to its trade, not to its politics, but—solely to its religion.

This is the greatest theme to which I can invite your thought. Religion is the flower and fruit of civilisation. It is that which supremely characterises any people. The condition—the character—of religion in the bosom of any people is the best criterion by which to form to ourselves some conception of the future which is before that people. And now, in directing your attention to the religion of America, I point you to that which, for good or ill, for weal or woe, will determine for America the character of its coming time.

I may venture to assume, in a brief preliminary way, that religion is strong in the United States. In truth, however, this is no mere assumption. I simply refer to a fact which is well known to all. It is known that there are thousands of religious organisations in America, and that, as a rule, they are well supported and very successful.

Now, the first point on which I want to insist is that the history and present condition of religion in America prove that religion can maintain itself and can flourish by means of the voluntary principle and altogether without a state establishment. When Liberals in England endeavour, as a matter of alleged justice and equality, and also in the alleged interests of religion itself, to procure the disestablishment and disendowment of the English establishment, they are charged with fighting against religion itself. It has been said by timid, faithless church-people that the downfall of the establishment would be the destruction of the Church itself—that the severance of the Church from the State would be the death of religion in our own land. On the other hand, it has been argued that religion should stand on its own foundation—that it should maintain itself by the love of the people—and that in the event of disestablishment those who adhere to the Episcopal Church would undoubtedly support it literally out of their own individual resources. Now, I point you to America. I show you there a country in which there is no state church—in which all churches are separate from the state, all on a footing of equality before the law, and all support themselves by the voluntary affection, the voluntary earnestness, and the voluntary enthusiasm of their followers. I say that religion does very well in America without state patronage and state control. I say that the Episcopal Church in the States flourishes far better, extends itself more rapidly, and has far more real life, than in the case with the Establishment in England. I know there are some people across the ocean—mostly emigrant Roman Catholics and Episcopalians from

Europe—who would like to introduce there the establishment principle, and get public money for their own creeds; I know there are people in the States who would like to get things into their own hands, and just tolerate (at the utmost) those who differ from them;—but I know also that the vast majority of the people over there are quite satisfied with the voluntary principle in religion and with its results—that they will resist to the utmost all proposals for the state establishment of religion—and that there is no likelihood that voluntarism in religion will ever be seriously interfered with there. This indeed, is the only just principle—the only policy which is fair to all. Let those who believe in religion support it. Let those who hold to any particular form of religion maintain it. In a free country let religious systems stand or fall on their own merits and according to their own inherent vitality. Of course the religious success of America without a State church does not prove that it would be right for us to sunder from the state, without due thought, care, and deliberation, an ancient and venerable Establishment such as exists in England; but it does show that the craven fears of some people in our midst are foolish and without foundation. It does show that in the event of disestablishment and disendowment Episcopalianism will thrive and flourish far more really and noticeably than even now.

As I was simply able to stay ten weeks in America, I certainly cannot speak with infallible authority about Religion in that country; but I certainly ran about a good deal while I was there, and I kept both eyes wide open wherever I went. I had much companionship with ministers and members of various churches, especially the

orthodox Protestants. I was very diligent in attending places of worship on Sundays. Anxious to see as much as possible of the religious life of the land, I went to three different churches every Sunday. On two occasions I contrived to attend four churches in the course of the day. The first Sunday after I landed at Philadelphia I went to a Presbyterian church where Dr. Willetts preached a Centennial Sermon,—in the afternoon to another Presbyterian church to hear Dr. Somerville of Glasgow,—in the evening to Gethsemane Baptist Church, where the Rev. T. L. Hornberger gave us a simple and beautiful sermon on secret devotion. The next Sunday we were at Sea Grove, in New Jersey, and had quite a full day: prayer meeting, service at 10-30, service at five p.m., prayer meeting at seven o'clock.

On Saturday, the 15th of July, I found myself in the Jewish Synagogue, Ródéph Shálóm, in Broad Street. It is a large, comfortable, splendid place. The singing was exquisite. There was no sermon. Some one lent me a prayer book, so that I could follow the reader. I was disappointed to find that most of the service was read in German, not in Hebrew,—while even the little which *was* in Hebrew was pronounced in a way which I could not approve. The next morning discovered us listening to Dr. Wadsworth, who, in an odd and eccentric not very sensible way, talked about "Rain." In the afternoon I had the pleasure of looking over Mr. Wannamaker's Sunday School, which is the largest in the city. All was very nice, with the exception of the spittoons freely scattered about the building and a notice in the vestibule—"Gentlemen are requested to refrain from spitting on

the floors." In the evening we listened to Dr. Henson, a Baptist preacher at a church situated at the corner of Broad-street and Master-street. It is a very elegant structure—a cross between the lecture-room and the Theatre. Dr. Henson is one of the bright particular stars in the Philadelphia sky. He discoursed, in eloquent sensational style on "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect." He implicitly and almost explicitly denied the doctrine of total depravity; he seemed heretical on other points also.

The next Sunday, bright and early, I was bound for the French Episcopal Church, off Chestnut-street. Every word of the service and sermon was in good classic French. The minister is a gentlemanly ritualist. With good delivery, genuine eloquence, and thorough orthodoxy, he preached from the words "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I was out of this place in time to hear Dr. Magoon preach about the vision of Paul on the road to Damascus. The Doctor is a clever, learned, eccentric, elastic man; his theology is all in a jumble; his style is odd, jerky, and laughable; but he says so many good, deep, and masterly things, that, in spite of the orthodox feeling against him, crowds flock to hear him. In the afternoon and evening of that day I went to other places: Dr. Wylie's and Dr. Baum's. On the following Saturday to another Jewish Synagogue, called Keneseth Israel, where Dr. Hirsch is Rabbi. Again I found the service mostly in German. Dr. Hirsch told me after the service that he does not like Unitarians, because they cling to the skirts of orthodoxy and refuse to take up the position of naturalism in religion.

But I must cease this enumeration of visits which I paid to various churches. I wanted to show you that I tried all I could to get a clear idea of the condition of religion in America. I will simply say, then, that on subsequent Sundays and other days in Philadelphia, Chicago, or Goreham in the White Mountains, I availed myself of every opportunity of visiting churches, and uniting in religious services and meetings of different kinds. If anything was to be seen, I wanted to see it.

When an Englishman sojourns and travels in the States, certain characteristics of religion there soon strike his mind and compel his attention.

He does not look about much without seeing that there is too much brag and boast in American religion. Religion there is too much given to "Buncombe." If a man is worth sixpence he speaks as though he were worth half-a-crown. If American Christians achieve a small success, they represent it as a great triumph. In England we go on at a quiet steady pace; we are not prone to boasting; we are rather in the habit of criticising ourselves unfavorably and depreciating our efforts and successes;—but I am persuaded that—especially as regards Liberalism—there is more real persistent work, and a better prospect, in England than there is in America, in spite of all the highly-coloured accounts which we may have read.

Another noticeable thing is that it is the exception for American churches to be open twice on the Sunday during the season. Many have simply one service. Some close their doors altogether for from two to three months of the year. The congregations give their ministers a long

vacation ; they carefully line the parson's purse before he leaves his home ; they send him off with good-will ; and they hope to see him back, bye and bye, with renewed strength and vigour. Then so many of the people go off to enjoy themselves and drink in health with every breath, that it is not thought worth while to keep on for the few who remain ;—and so the place is shut up. Some provide preaching supplies for the few who remain and for strangers. Others close altogether. I cannot say that I like this custom. It seems to me a lazy, cowardly thing. It certainly would take a devout Englishman a long time to get used to it or to sanction it. American or Americanised ministers in Chicago may close their places of worship ; but the Englishman, the Rev. Brooke Herford, who went thither from Manchester a short time ago, keeps his church wide open. The large and comfortable Church of the Messiah stands wide open, inviting strangers to enter its portals. Your strong sturdy Englishman is not going to shut up his place of worship because the heat is oppressive. Of course it is extremely hot over there in summer time—but no less so for the faithful ones who remain than for those who desert their post. I will venture to tell you that I, fresh from England, went to two, three, or four services every Sunday while I was in America. It vexed me considerably to note that Americans, especially Liberals, could flee away from their duty, and make no religious provision for the thousands of strangers present in the States from all parts of the world during this centennial year of America's Independence. It is right, however to note the contention of Americans that the change does them good—that they come back refreshed

and renewed, and do their work all the better because of its temporary cessation.

I was very much struck by the sight of the equality of seats in America. Here we live in the midst of ecclesiastical inequalities. Here we have churches and chapels :—they are all churches in America. You hear of the Baptist church, the Methodist church, the Unitarian church, as well as the Episcopal church. They are all on a level. The State does not pet and patronise any one ; but it gives them all a fair field and no favour. Here we have clergymen and ministers :—they are all clergymen in America. A preacher among the Presbyterians, the Congregationalists, or the Universalists, is called clergyman as much as an Episcopalian pastor is. Some honourable and sensible exceptions apart, it has been too common in England for clergymen to act in a lordly, contemptuous, and insulting way towards nonconformist ministers and nonconformists in general. There is nothing of that there, and soon there will be nothing of it here. Human beings are marching on ; the day of religious equality will soon dawn ; and ere long it will be evident that religion in America has been the fair and beauteous model in harmony with which we have realised our own ecclesiastical ideal. So far as I know, the only people in America who seriously quarrel with the existing equality of sects, and who wish for supremacy, are the Roman Catholics. They are threatening the common school system, which is the glory of the States ; they are grasping after public money for narrow sectarian aims ; and they mean never to rest until, having lost supremacy and the power to persecute on the continent of Europe, they can regain their old

position and power by new conquests here and in the United States. Americans are becoming alive to the real danger which assails them ; and, that being the case, their adhesion to the principle of religious equality and fairness all round is so pronounced that no conspiracy will ever be successful in attempting to overturn the fair structure which they have reared on a foundation so firm and sure.

You cannot go far about across the Atlantic without noticing the extremely unconventional costume and manner of American ministers. With the exception of the Roman Catholics and a few Episcopal dignitaries, ministers are lost in the mass. You cannot tell them from others. Episcopalians, Lutherans, Baptists, Unitarians, all are indistinguishable. I have often congratulated myself on the fact that I am no priest—that I have no supernatural power—that I make no pretension to be in the apostolical succession,—and that I am simply a man—a man among men ;—but many a time in America I was accosted by ministers of various denominations, and had considerable talk with them, before I had the slightest idea that they were ministers at all. When I found that out I liked their unconventional ways,—and I could easily have determined to cast aside white ties, peculiar waistcoats, and all else which can, by appearance, distinguish me from ordinary men ; and I should do so but for this consideration :—that I am not ashamed of my profession : I am proud of it,—I am not ashamed of my colours : I am proud of them,—I do not want to glide about in secrecy,—I do not care who knows what I am,—I do not care who knows that I profess to be a minister of religion.

Side by side with this unconventional costume and manner

is the amusing prevalence of D.D's. Every American minister of any note is a Doctor of Divinity. D.D's. are as plentiful in the States as blackberries are on English hedges. Though it is got so easily, without the slightest examination, and simply as a compliment from a theological college to any respectable student after he has been away from its protecting care some five or six years, the American people really do seem to think that the degree is of some consequence, and that it reflects some honour upon a pastor. The custom has become so ridiculously common that an English minister travelling in the States is sure to be styled "Doctor" every few miles of his route.

Some people imagine that all American ministers are very odd and sensational in their pulpit ministrations. That is not so. We must not too hastily conclude from particulars to universals. From what I have seen, read, and heard while in the States, my opinion is that the average American minister is not sensational at all,—but that he goes on and does his duty in a plain, straightforward, business-like manner.

The liberal manner in which religion is supported in America deserves a hearty word of praise. Men maintain their systems with no grudging hand. Money is made fast, and it is spent liberally. Ministers in America are, as a rule, well paid. As a rule there is no cheese-paring—no miserly dealing. The people expect wholesouled service: so they raise the ministers above all anxiety and worry as to how the tradesmen's bills are to be paid, and they fill their purses to the brim. One whom we know gets 8000 dollars a year,—another 12,000 dollars. For years Henry Ward Beecher received 12,000 dollars per

year; his regular stipend now is 20,000 dollars; and in the year 1875, to meet his special legal expenses, his people gave him 100,000 dollars. Then the money which is spent upon church building and church furnishing is something enormous. Berkeley-street Unitarian Church in Boston cost 275,000 dollars, and is, perhaps, with the exception of Trinity Episcopal Church in New York, the finest and most perfect specimen of ecclesiastical architecture in the United States. American churches are very often furnished as comfortably and elegantly as private parlours are. Some people, who want and will have comfort and beauty in their own homes, think that four walls and a roof will do for a church—that a barn is quite good enough for a so-called “House of God.” Many Americans think differently: they judge they should give their very best to the cause of religion. Not only the ministry and the public services of religion are liberally maintained; but all practical matters of religion, viz.,—benevolence, kindness, charity, and love, are kept in mind systematically and carried on in the most generous manner.

A word as to the relation which American religion sustains to American politics. I know that many American ministers are very political in the pulpit. If the people want to hear a plain-speaking comment on the latest political intelligence they go to church next Sunday morning. They are not disappointed: they find that the sermon is a political address. I know all that; and yet I believe I speak the truth when I say that, in the main, and as a rule, there is a clear sunderance between religion and politics. It seems to me that, practically speaking, the

ministers and members of Christian churches in America have nothing like the influence upon the politics of the country which they ought to wield. What is the result? The result is the political corruption of which we hear so much. I say that there should be a much closer connection than now exists between the religion and the politics of that country; and I say that thus the whole citizen tone of the land would be raised and purified, and men would feel that they were performing (instead of shirking) the duties which devolve upon them as citizens of a great and free country.

It is interesting and instructive to consider the relative strength of various forms of religion and various religious sects in America. I suppose that the Methodist Episcopal Church is the largest and strongest in the States. In the east, in the west, on the Pacific slope, in the south, it is the largest and most successful body. Looking simply at the south, we see that it has 3271 travelling preachers, 731,361 church-members, 7578 schools, 49,797 teachers, and 346,759 scholars. Next in size and strength come the Episcopal Church and the Roman Catholic Church. The Baptists and the Presbyterians are very large and thriving bodies. In the city of Philadelphia the Baptists have fifty-six churches, the Presbyterians have seventy, the Episcopalians about eighty, the Roman Catholics between seventy and eighty. Other denominations are small in that city. In New York the Baptists have thirty-one churches; there are twenty-six Jewish Synagogues, forty-five Methodist Episcopal Churches, fifty-one Presbyterian, seventy-two Episcopalian, and thirty-nine Roman Catholic.

Those Churches in America which are Unitarian, or substantially the same as Unitarian, are comparatively few. They go by various names : as, Unitarian, Unitarian Congregational, Universalist, Christian, Hicksite Quaker, German Reformed, and so on. The Unitarian proper number close upon 400, the Universalist about 2,150, the Christians just over 5000 ; the Hicksite Quakers and the German Reformed add about 1000 more. Liberalism is very weak in Philadelphia and New York. It is strongest in Boston :—in a population of 350,000 there are about 45 congregations which are substantially Unitarian—31 of them distinctly Unitarian. Liberalism, further, has influenced all denominations excepting the Roman Catholic : so that its implicit adherents are found in well nigh every communion in the land. Most of the coloured churches in the States are Methodist Episcopalian, though many are Baptist or Presbyterian. The best and most eloquent sermon which I heard in America was delivered by a jet-black full-blooded Negro in a Methodist Episcopal Church in Philadelphia—all the congregation, with the exception of just ten persons, being coloured men and women. There is much yet to do among the Negroes before the religion of America can be what it should be ; and for some time to come, as it seems to me, the wisest way of working among the Freedmen will be that which the Unitarians, in conjunction with the Methodist Episcopalians, have adopted, viz., the benevolent and educational method. Until they become intellectually enlightened, religion can be with them only the grossest and most fantastic superstition.

The present theological condition of the churches in

America offers for our consideration a most instructive theme. Unitarians have always contended that freedom of inquiry in religion naturally leads to the destruction of creeds—considered as authoritative and binding formulas—and to the prevalence of Liberalism, which abolishes the evil and absorbs the good of all lower systems, and ever aims to adapt the form of religion to the changing needs of man's advancing intelligence. It is so in America. Free-thought is doing its work there. The free Episcopal Church has done away with the public use of the so-called Athanasian Creed, -- never publicly professes to believe that deniers of the doctrine of the Trinity will, without doubt, perish everlastingly,—and has itself progressed in many points. Liberalism, in its various forms, is a power in the land. It has been said that “as Massachusetts now thinks so America will think bye-and-bye.” There is truth in the phrase. Massachusetts—the stronghold of the theological Liberalism and Radicalism of America—gives the law to American thinking and determines the course of the development of American theology. An intellectual lady, who was a convert from Methodism and a teacher of a ladies' school, and with whom I had considerable conversation while crossing the ocean from Liverpool, gave me the history of her theological and spiritual development—a history which clearly revealed to me how vast is the power which theological Liberalism exerts in the States, even in those numerous districts where it has no organisation.

Then it has modified orthodoxy to some extent. The American Unitarian Association has scattered far and wide the works of Channing and other books useful for

inquirers. Riding about in the cars, or visiting various cities, I met with several orthodox ministers who had received such books, and who felt their great indebtedness to them. One Methodist Episcopal minister whom I met in Michigan expressed, with special warmth, his gratitude for the Unitarian books which he had received. While not approving of the "extreme statements" made by the Unitarians, he was yet of opinion that they have done a good and necessary work in the way of purifying the ideas of Christians as to God and as to God's dealings with mankind. Spending a Sunday at Sea Grove, near Cape May, on the coast of New Jersey, I heard a sermon from a Presbyterian Doctor of Divinity who evidently did not believe in total depravity and two or three other doctrines of the creeds. After the service I expressed my surprise at this, and I was coolly told by my orthodox friends that scarcely any ministers and church-members of any intelligence believe in the total depravity of human nature. All I can say is that they used to believe in it; and if they have now given it up it is largely because of Unitarian arguments and Unitarian efforts. After a long conversation with a widely-honoured Philadelphia pastor, he told me that the difference between us was one of "mere expression," and that he did not see why I could not cast in my lot with him. All I can say is, that if the only difference is one of "mere expression" the reason is because the Orthodox have become less orthodox than they were, and that they have come on in the course of time; and I can only fervently hope that they will come on still further, and that when another fifty years shall have passed away they will stand where the

Unitarians, in resolute adherence to the principle of free inquiry, now plant their feet.

Though, however, what I have said as to the present theological condition of the churches in America is perfectly justified by the facts, it is also true that, judging from actual public utterances and professions, the real old genuine orthodoxy is yet, as a rule, maintained. I know very well that I heard a good deal of genuine and undiluted doctrine in my numerous visits to Unitarian churches. I had the whole series of doctrines put before me one by one, just as they are contained in the creeds and standards. One Presbyterian D.D. gave us the old teaching, without any dilution or trimming. He treated the Bible as all of a piece, and so quoted from any part to illustrate any other part. Quoting the following words from Deuteronomy: "He is the rock; his work is perfect—a God of truth and without iniquity; just and right is he,"—he said they referred to Jesus, and proved his Godhead. He treated as a gross heresy the prevalent Subordinationism of the first three centuries of the history of the Christian Church. He contended for the supreme deity of Jesus. He perfectly revelled in the phrase, "the blood of God"—a phrase which he repeated several times, and over which he seemed to gloat as a very sweet morsel. Depend upon it, the mass of the preachers and church members in the States are orthodox after the old unmodified pattern. Unitarians in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, think that the old superstition is dead—as dead as the ancient pagan mythology is. In that supposition they make a great mistake. Though Trinitarians have changed a little, and have come nearer to the ideas of Channing than they were, they

still claim to be orthodox—they still maintain their most essential positions—and they still denounce, as heretics and infidels, liberals who think further than they do. Unitarians in Boston are too strong to be ignored; but, in spite of occasional courtesies, the Trinitarian feeling against them is bitter. A Trinitarian minister of the city was asked for his opinion of Hale, Clarke, Savage, and others. He gave it, and it was decidedly unfavourable. “But yor acknowledge that they are smart men?” was the next remark. “Yes,” came the rejoinder, “smart enough;—but Satan is smart.” Trinitarians openly boast that they are gaining ground in Boston; and they say that the victory will be theirs bye-and-bye, and a new Boston will be born into the world. The most enlightened people in the American Trinitarian churches are, as a rule, not far removed from the most conservative Unitarians; but the bulk, the mass, the rank and file, of the American Trinitarians are just what they were and where they were. Indeed, they are far more orthodox than most of our English Trinitarians are. Our English Stanleys and Browns would fare but poorly if they were located in the midst of average American Christians. The Unitarians over there have a work yet to do: for the heaven has not yet fully operated. I trust that they will not delude themselves with the belief that their mission is accomplished. I hope they will gird up their loins for the struggle which yet remains. I trust that, while properly giving great attention to the new problems and the new needs of a scientific age, they will continue their old task and do their old work, and so contribute still further to the reformation of Christendom.

I am no prophet,—and I will not presume to be able to forecast the future of religion in America ; but I must say this : that the current of thought, the progress of events, and the present attitude of the Transatlantic educated mind, all seem to me to point to the triumph of Liberal religion at no very distant date. Whether or not the Unitarian churches over there will be the nucleus of the American church of the future I cannot say. That will probably be largely determined by whether or not the Unitarians show themselves sufficiently broad, brave, warm, and self-sacrificing ; but, however that may be, I am quite certain that the day will dawn when American religion will fulfil the aspirations and longings of the most rational religionists of the age—the day when, throughout the States, there will be no scism in the realm of truth, but when religion will be in perfect accordance and harmony with all the needs of man and all the facts of the world.



LECTURE X.

American Politics.

SOME people make a decided distinction between religion and politics. I do not trouble to distinguish very precisely between them. Much intellectual power is wasted, and much valuable time lost, in subtle distinction and clever re-splitting of the splits of straws. For all practical purposes I view religion, morality, politics, as one and synonymous. They severally concern man's duties and privileges in view of God, his fellow-men, and the State.

Some think they have no time to give attention to such a sublunary matter as politics. They are occupied with more important affairs. That plea is all nonsense. So long as we live beneath the moon it will be quite proper

for us to occupy ourselves with politics. We have a responsibility in the matter. Politics are the duties, circumstances, relations, and responsibilities of a citizen. As citizens, it would be very wrong for us to shirk our citizen duties or attempt to evade our citizen responsibilities. While it is the bounden duty of every citizen to give earnest public-spirited attention to the internal and external politics of his own country, we should not be politically selfish. We should not confine our view to our land, or to the relation of our own land to other countries. Realising our world-wide brotherhood,—feeling that the whole human race forms one family,—we should look with brotherly, sympathetic eye upon the political circumstances and prospects of other nations besides our own.

Americans take great interest in politics. I mean, most Americans are interested that way. There are exceptions ; but, as a rule, the people think and talk a good deal about their political system, the various political measures which are brought forward, and the condition and prospects of the great political parties. I met with a number of young women who, instead of being absorbed in absurd and trifling vanities, took a living interest in the politics of their country, and expressed their thoughts with the utmost clearness and intelligence. I believe that in America it is not thought an unfeminine or unladylike thing for a woman to like politics,—that is, to feel herself a citizen. Political newspapers are very common. They have been established in the smallest places. The population must be very sparse which does not support its paper. In small and little-known places you find a daily paper, eagerly read and discussed. Doubtless, much of

this America political reading and talk is very superficial. Doubtless, much of this is mere theory:—it is not put into practice. It would be well if many people who read, think, and talk very much on this subject, would take their fair share of the work and insist upon having a place in the actual political organisation, plans, and movements. But it is a good thing so far as it goes. It is a good omen when the mass of the people in any land feel that the politics of their country are not foreign to them, but do concern them most closely,—and when they are not only willing but determined to have their citizen part and do their citizen work.

To-night I speak of American politics. We are so closely related to the United States,—we have so many reasons for wishing to sympathise with them and to understand their position,—that the subject of American politics must be extremely interesting and important in the estimation of every dweller in this land.

To understand American politics one must realise how vast is the area over which the Union extends. From the Great Lakes in the north to the Gulf of Mexico in the south, and from the Atlantic Shore on the east to the Pacific Coast in the west, you find a vast district of over three million square miles. That is, physically speaking, a great country,. It might be comparatively easy to rule and keep in order a small country which could be readily overlooked and commanded. It would be no great triumph for Republicanism to have succeeded in a very limited area. But how to rule—how to combine—how to direct—the immense territory of the States? Surely Repulicanism has been on its trial there. It has been

put to a crucial test. How has it, so far, endured the ordeal? Has it broken down? Or does it stand erect? Has it been a failure or a success?

Different opinions on the question are held by different men. Sincere and earnest monarchicalists are apt to ignore the virtues of the American Republic—to magnify its faults and errors,—and to pronounce it a failure. Ardent Republicans sometimes praise it without discrimination or qualification.

I trust that I shall be impartial in what I shall say. I do not conceal my own political convictions. I am a Republican. I think that is the reasonable form of government, and that humanity grows up into that as it becomes mature. True monarchy is not defended now. The only monarchy yet maintained is a merely nominal thing. It is a modified, diluted affair. We keep the name of monarchy, while the people have left the reality behind them. Most of those who contend for monarchy are careful to say that our monarchy has been so curbed and modified in the course of time that we have now in England a Republic in fact, though not in name and form. So that all serious controversy is abandoned. The principle of Republicanism has so widely prevailed that no free and civilised nation would now endure a monarchy of the old, true, genuine stamp. Monarchy is not now "the rule of one:" it is "the rule of a Parliament selected by the people"—and that is Republicanism in fact, though not in form.

I hope, however, in spite of my theoretical approval of the Republican principle, that I shall be perfectly impartial in what I shall say about American politics. I will try to be so.

The political system of the United States is that of a Federal Republic. There are several states, each of which manages its own internal affairs and makes its own domestic laws, and all of which are represented in the Central Government at Washington, which makes general laws for the whole, combines all into one union, and represents them (as one nation) to outside peoples.

The states form five great groups. There are the New England States: viz., Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. Then come the Middle States,—that is—New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland. Next you get to the Southern States, which are Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and the District of Columbia. The Western States comprise Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas, and Colorado. The Pacific States are simply California and Oregon. These are exclusive of certain territories which, one by one, as they increase in population and importance, are admitted to the rank of States,—just as Colorado was admitted last year, and called the Centennial State. The territories are Nebraska, Dacotah, Nevada, New Mexico, Washington, Utah, Arizona, and Idaho.

The thirteen colonies of one hundred years ago have expanded into the numerous states and territories above-mentioned. Over all this extensive area the Union system extends.

We ought naturally to anticipate that peculiar difficulties would confront the power which should endeavour

to rule and combine into one organic whole so large an extent of country. We ought to study American politics in a fair, candid, impartial, and judicial manner.

The United States Government has, further, met with difficulties arising out of the nature and variety of its population. That population is of a mixed and mingled character. People from all parts of the world live in the States. America is a vast Cave of Adullam. It is a refuge for people who hastily flee from their own countries to avoid conscription or to escape the penalty of their crime. People who find Europe too hot to hold them go to America. On the other hand, thousands of the strongest, ablest, and most honourable men in various trades and professions leave their particular native land and emigrate to the States. Thus the Union loses, and it also gains, by emigration. The influx of some Europeans is a source of weakness and danger,—of others an increase of strength and safety.

The population-difficulty also arises from the variety of nationality, language, and race, comprised within the area of the Union.

The Negroes present a serious political problem. The system of negro slavery was not established yesterday : it has long been deeply rooted and firmly fixed in the social system. It was upheld by the pulpit and based upon the Bible. For years the Methodists and other denominations were divided upon the question into North and South camps. The Presbyterians, South, in 1863, met in General Synod and passed two resolutions. The first resolution read : " Resolved, that slavery is a divine institution ; second, resolved, that God raised up the Presbyterian

Church, South, to protect and perpetuate that institution." The efforts of an increasing band of abolitionists created a strong public opinion against the "domestic institution." The war of rebellion, sixteen years ago, overthrew it. Now, then, what is to be done with the freed negro? The Republicans have one policy: viz., to educate the freedmen. The Democrats have another policy, viz., to re-enslave them. There is a formidable political difficulty.

The Indians give the Government another political nut to crack. They are the aborigines; they have been dispossessed; they are bitter and revengful. What is to be done? One war after another, frequent skirmishes and quarrels, treaties made and then broken either by the savages or by the rough, rude frontier-men:—all these things seem only to point to the gradual extermination of one race by another. I believe that the United States Government endeavour to deal with this problem in the best and most honourable way. If, through the rough lawlessness of frontier-settlers and adventurers, the Government drift into an Indian War now and then, we, who have drifted into many a causeless, purposeless, and thoroughly idiotic war, ought not to blame them too severely. Surely the Indian question is a weighty political obstacle in the path of America's inevitable advance.

It is hard to know how to deal politically with the hordes of Chinese who stream into the States by San Francisco. American politicians are seriously exercised about them. The constitution does not patronise one form of religion and persecute all others. It is a political and not a politico ecclesiastical constitution. According to it, Mahomedans, Confucians, and Buddhists, have as

much right to live there as Christians have, provided they obey the law. Yet, many Christians view with great alarm the heathenism which thus openly establishes itself in their land, and many politicians would, if they could (for purely political reasons), send all the Mongols back to Asia. But there they are; their number increases; they are dangerous; they are useful and clever; it will be a long time before they will be assimilated and Americanised. Meantime, it is by no means easy for a politician to fix what his Chinese policy shall be. The Celestials are a stumbling block in his way.

Then the Irish (be it gently whispered) are a political difficulty to America. The English rule of Ireland has been successful to only a limited extent. To a large extent it has been a failure. Most of the Irish emigrants go to the States. The Americans are finding out how hard it is to manage the Erse Celts. In many places the Irish form the bulk of the dangerous classes. The attitude of the American Irish in reference to the Negroes and the Chinese is fraught with difficulty and danger to the country.

An American politician has to keep both eyes open in the direction of the Grangers and Inflationists of the West. In such a vast district as the great West there must inevitably be much inconvenience and expense in the transportation of agricultural produce to its proper market; and it is foolish to manufacture a political grievance out of a natural difficulty. The Democrats support the Inflationist craze:—that an unlimited issue of paper money would make the country rich, enable it to pay all its debts, and increase the general comfort. The

Republicans advocate a return to hard-money payments : and in the last Session of Congress a Resumption Act was passed providing for the resumption of payments in coin from the first day of January, 1879. You can easily see how such discussions give colour to the politics of the land.

The Mormon problem is not yet solved. The Government determine that United States Law shall be felt all over the states and territories. The attitude of the Mormans is well known. The knot has been cut, but not untied. It is probable that time will render this difficulty less and less.

The last obstacle against which the American Republic has to contend is the attitude of the Roman Catholics. While all other sects fall in with the spirit of the land, obey the laws, and refrain from plotting against the very existence of the Republic, the Roman Catholics (especially the Roman Catholic hierarchy) feel a natural repugnance to Republican Institutions,—they magnify and ridicule all the smallest faults which are discoverable,—they openly avow their sympathy with a different order of things,—and, meantime, they threaten the life of the common school system by their attempt to appropriate public money for their own private sectarian aims.

Now, bearing in mind all the difficulties, obstacles, and dangers which I have pointed out, how has the Republic dealt with them? Have they overcome it? or is it gradually gaining the victory over them? My own answer is—The American Republic is a success. It has not broken down in fulfilment of any prophecy or private wish that it would speedily come to nought. It has got

to the end of its first century. It is strong and vigorous. It has a long future before it. Considering the extent of its area, the mixed and conflicting nature of its population, and the various and formidable dangers which it has had to face, the wonder is (not that there are faults here and there,—not that a mistake has at times been made,—but) that the Republic has been able to so far consolidate and combine its heterogeneous materials into one whole, and (even to the degree visible) to weld together into one American nationality so many various tribes, peoples, and races. The wonder is—not that there is political corruption in certain places, notably in New York City—but that, on the whole, considering all the dangers and evils arising out of various and clashing peoples and interests, there is so much law and order, so much general prosperity and well-being.

Much is said about the political corruption of the States. This corruption is mainly along the Atlantic sea-board,—and it is chiefly found in New York. It is partly attributable to the character of the emigration which flows thither, and partly it is to be ascribed to the fact that American Christians too often hold aloof from politics, and American respectable people refuse to have anything to do with politics. If the higher, better people in a land neglect, for any reason, the performance of the citizen duties which devolve upon them, what is the result? It is political corruption. Politics in the States have too largely fallen into the hands of liquor-saloon proprietors and frequenters, and selfish unprincipled people of all kinds, who run the political organisation for their own benefit—not for the public weal. The corruption which

exists has been exaggerated ; but in so far as it does exist, the blame lies at the door of those numerous respectable and high-toned Americans who have held aloof from practical politics, had no part in the inner working of the various organisations, and contented themselves with simply casting their ballot. Political corruption has defiled and disgraced the Republican party, and is the real reason why the voting for President has been so close, and why, if elected at all, Governor Hayes will go in by a majority of simply one vote. From time to time the Republicans become thus chargeable with corruption, and, in despair, the people turn them out and put the Democrats into office. This is a great mistake. To change Republicans for Democrats may be going from the bad, but it is going to the worse. In comparison with the Democrats the Republicans are pure. It is quite right to give the Republicans a lesson now and again ; but the dangers which the country runs when Democrats hold the reins of the State Chariot are so great, that it is death to all the true interests of the States when they are put into power. The Democrats have no policy of their own. They only hunger and thirst after office and the emoluments of office. All they do when in opposition, is to find fault with every measure which the Republicans bring forward. All they do when in office, is either to do nothing and just get through the time, or else feebly copy Republican measures and policy, or else attempt reaction.

The Democrats are the pro-slavery party. They were "the solid South" in the war of rebellion sixteen years past. They would try to break up the Union if, by so doing, they could re-establish slavery. I know that this

is denied ; I have met with Democrats who say they do not want to bring back slavery ; but history is there to declare the truth. Look at the Democratic record, and see. They have always been leagued with the South. They fought to break up the Union, so that, with their boasted doctrine of state rights, they might reduce the bond to a mere confederacy, or might be absolutely free to perpetuate their " domestic institution." Representing what I believe is a general sentiment among Southern Democrats, Zebulon D. Vance, Democratic Candidate for the Governorship of North Carolina, candidly says—" I am sorry that I laid down my arms in 1865 ; I am in favor of re-enslaving the negro, and if that cannot be done at once my idea is to adopt a plan which will bring about such a condition of things. I would deprive the negro of educational privileges ; I would pay him low wages ; I would prevent him from acquiring real estate ; I would deprive him of arms, ammunition, stock, and agricultural implements." Relying upon the Southern doctrine, the Democrats boasted before-hand of " the solid South "—boasted that the South would vote with entire unanimity the Democratic Ticket. If Samuel J. Tilden be Democratic President, he will be chosen by the votes of those who tried to break up the Union. He came out as a hard-money candidate ; but, as his party wanted to catch some Western men, he veered round and favoured currency views.

The corruption which has been brought home to the Republicans has, no doubt, placed Governor Hayes at a disadvantage ; and Tilden is personally a superior and clever man, and thus a hard man to beat in an election ;

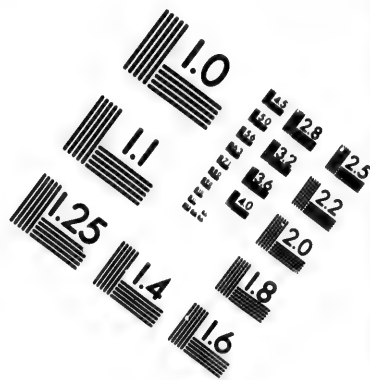
but Tilden, though a good State Governor, would, in my opinion, be a bad President. He is the Representative of a party which is more corrupt than is its opponent, and which nourishes aims which are fatal to the Union. The Republican party, in spite of its corruption, is the representative of all that has made America great and prosperous. The Democrats represent the slavery, the ignorance, and the violence of the States, while the Republicans stand for the intelligence and enlightenment of the Union. The Democratic vote preponderates where there are fewest schools and where the densest darkness broods, while the Republican ticket is triumphant in the educated and intellectual districts. A glance at the statistics of the vote for Hayes and Tilden will prove the truth of what I say.

I say that the Democrats appeal to the violence of the country instead of to its intelligence. The *St. Louis Times* of November 14th, says, "We will either have Tilden or a fight." That is the spirit of the Democrats as a rule. They tried to carry Tilden by false promises of inflation and free trade, and they have since tried to get him in by a false count of the vote. The reason why South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana have been so long doubtful is found in the Democratic policy. I do not approve of all that President Grant has done; but I do approve of his military determination to secure free election and a fair count in the South. After all quibbling, it is found that South Carolina has gone for Hayes. Facts as to how Florida voted in 1872 and 1874 make it clear that the State is Republican. From all that I can learn, it is clear that a fair count will show Louisiana in favour of Hayes.

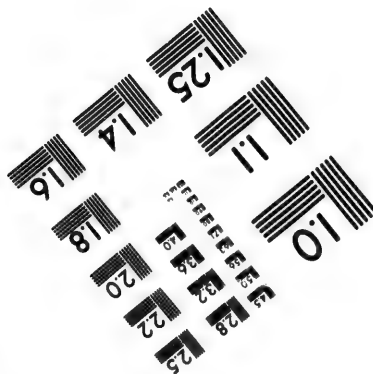
There are those who think it impossible that the American Republic can permanently hold together. The area, it is urged, is too vast to be ruled from one centre, and it ought to be divided amongst several Governments. I reply that the doctrine of State rights, properly defined, is not inconsistent with the idea of the Federal Union of the States in one American nationality. Men are giving up the idea that the world is doomed to suffer the eternal clash and conflict of small and mutually jealous kingdoms or states. The idea is gaining ground that a vast federation of states is a good and practical thing for any continent. The American Republic has lasted for a century. It has dealt most ably with a number of serious difficulties and dangers which have confronted it in its course. I do not know that any other system of Government could possibly have been more successful, considering all the circumstances, than it has actually been.

There are those who wish ill to Republican institutions, and who would be very glad to see the American system split-up and come to an end. The only way in which the Republic can be ruined is by the success of pro-slavery Democrats in their endeavour to restore the state of things existing before the war. The South was content so long as it had things all its own way. It was satisfied so long as the Northern Republicans were quiet or asleep; but from the day when Republicanism became synonymous with Abolitionism the South became discontented and the Democrats laboured to undermine or destroy the Union. The Republican party was born when the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850 was passed. That law, requiring Northerners to deliver back to their "Masters" all fugitive slaves





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coming within their power, awoke the conscience of the Republicans. Earnest humanity-loving abolitionists,—Theodore Parker, Lloyd Garrison, and others,—worked hard, and aroused public opinion against the “institution.” From that day pro-slavery Democrats were discontented. The Republican party came into power when Abraham Lincoln was elected President. From that day the pro-slavery party swore revenge. They tried to break up the Union. History records the result. The problem is again before us. If Samuel J. Tilden be chosen President, dark days are, I fear, in store for the American Republic. If Rutherford B. Hayes be elected, then the Republican policy which has made the Union great may continue its work for the welfare of the country. In case of this latter result, Republican politicians must learn the lesson of the hour—must know that political corruption is sure to lead to political retribution—must purify their ranks,—must enlist the support and co-operation of thousands of pure and high-minded men who have hitherto, far too generally, held aloof from the active work of state and national politics.

Some people have thought it would be a good thing for the Democrats to go into office because they have promised to do away with protective tariffs and to grant free-trade. We must not be misled by such flimsy and insincere assurances. The Democrats are more in favour of protection than the Republicans are. It is a general American fallacy. They think they can only pay off their debt, and get ahead financially, by the adoption of heavy prohibitory duties. They think that thus they will discourage foreign competition and develope their own resources.

They will grow out of this mistake bye and bye, and will come to see that free-trade is the best all round—for all peoples alike.

There is absolutely no reason why any one who wishes well to the American experiment of Government should desire to see the reins of power taken out of the hands of the Republicans, who, as a rule, represent the intelligence, enlightenment, and humanitarianism of the states, and put into those of the Democrats, who as a rule, body forth the slavery, ignorance, and violence of the land.

In speaking on this subject of American politics, I wish well to the Great Western Republic. I desire for it all success. I hope that it will be permanent. I trust that by the adhesion of high and noble men its politics will year by year become purer and more public-spirited. The abolition of the cursed thing called slavery has removed the only bar to my enthusiastic admiration for the Republic of the West. I cordially wish for it—and I confidently anticipate for it—an upward career and a second century more prosperous than its first.



• • Of course, events have developed since the above was delivered. We now know that Hayes is President. Unfortunately, the matter has been finally determined by a strictly party vote; but the decision is clearly in accordance with the facts of the case.

LECTURE XI.

Home Again.

IN Philadelphia, waiting for the day of departure, I had time to summarise in my mind the whole of my American thoughts, feelings, and experiences. The summarising was a source of pleasure. I enjoyed the trip. I saw great cities, immense plains, romantic hills and dales, noble rivers and waterfalls. My impression is, on the whole, not only favourable but enthusiastic. Faults and failings I saw; but those were far outweighed by merits, the achievements of the past, and the promise of the coming time. I like America. It is a fine and wonderful country. You can breathe there. There is room to move about. The vast size of the country—a size which, even in my short stay of between thirteen and

fourteen weeks, I gradually learned to realise clearly to myself—may possibly have a weird, dreary, and desolating influence upon some minds;—but the effect of that gradually-realised size was otherwise in my case. It made me rise and thrive. All-bountiful Nature charmed and exalted me. Escaping from an atmosphere of eternal mist and fog,—into the bright, clear, cloudless States, my being seemed to expand. In a rich, grand land, I felt in harmony with Nature. Week by week I gained in health and strength. My appearance was marvellously changed. Since my return to England I have been sliding back into my former condition. I look as I did, and I am a child of the mist once more. Never shall I lose the memory of the tropical heat and richness and the clear radiant glory of the Great Western Land in her centennial year.

Returning home, there are rich compensations for the loss of that sight. In England one may well be content. Balancing things carefully, and allowing for this, that, and the other, we are, on the whole, as well off here as they can be in any other land.

I began to count the days. How long would it be before I should sail away from America? As the time passed on I ticked off the days one by one. At last the time was very near, and I must make arrangements for my passage. I must decide by what vessel I would sail. Wishing to leave on the 24th of August, I changed my mind because I was told the "City of Limerick," which would sail on that day, was a poor, small, ricketty old hulk. I have since judged that the said vessel is far better and more respectable than that report would make out; but, doubtless, for many reasons, it was well that I

decided to delay one week and sail by the "Indiana" on Thursday, the 31st or last day of the month.

How well I remember my visit to the office in Walnut-street to secure the berth ! When that was all fixed I looked forward with feelings compounded of pleasure and dread. The "pleasure" referred to the prospect of seeing home and friends once more ; the "dread" related to the sea. The ocean was the lion in my way. You all know what a poor sailor I am. If I could have come back by rail, or coach, or up in a balloon, I should have preferred it to the sea. But there was no choice. It had to be done. I must get through it somehow. Under such circumstances, what better policy was there for me than a brave, cheerful, and joyful facing of the inevitable ? So I looked on the bright side, and determined to make the best of things.

The day came, and I stepped on board. Adieus over,—friends ordered on shore,—signal given,—we slowly glided down the Delaware, across the Bay, out into the open ocean.

I may just make the remark that I was by no means so ill as I had anticipated. I had very little to complain of. If you could go and return with as little to grumble about, it would be a grand thing for you. I had "a good time," and was happy.

I scarcely think that the cabin passengers were so comfortable, genial, cheerful, and social with one another, as those on the "Pennsylvania" had been. There was much coldness and haughtiness at the first. No one knew anybody else. No one had been introduced. There was no one to act as master of the ceremonies. It took us some

time to get shaken up all together, and to acquire some mutual understanding. But we got on in time. If the voyage had lasted eleven weeks instead of its actual eleven days, we should have been a happy family. As it was, the latter half of the voyage was a great improvement upon the former half.

We were a motley crew. There were many well-marked characters. We were a world in miniature.

The Captain was a host in himself. Tall, stately, dignified, decided, commanding, learned, he was quite a study. He was an Episcopalian from Boston in Massachusetts. He kept well aloof from the preachers on board. I could make nothing of him, socially speaking, for some time; but one day, in the course of conversation in the smoke-room, he discovered my heresy,—and then he was all right. Being himself an Episcopalian, he avoided me as he avoided the Episcopalian minister who was on board; but from the moment when he found me out for a Unitarian he was as friendly and brotherly as he could possibly be. After we came to understand each other I enjoyed his conversation very much. With a tinge of superstition—(a peculiarity of seamen)—especially in relation to the rats on board,—he was an able commander, and—rough and unfavourable as the weather was most of the way—we felt cool and calm, knowing that the conduct of the ship was in such able and experienced hands.

I have referred to the preachers on board. There were three. We had a Roman Catholic priest from the neighbourhood of Cork. There was a young Episcopal minister from Philadelphia on his way for a fourteen-months' trip in Europe. There was, in the third place, your humble

and heretical servant. The priest conducted service for the Catholics in the steerage on each of the two Sundays over which our voyage lasted. The Captain did not ask either the Episcopalian or myself to preach in the Saloon on the first Sunday, because, as I have told you, he seemed by no means well inclined to ministers in general ; but before the second Sunday he wanted some heresy, and he pressed me to hold forth. I said I would do so, if I could not prevail upon my Episcopal brother to preach. I thought that as I had preached two Sundays on the sea while sailing to America, the American might as well take a turn now. I had gathered from him during the first day or two of our voyage that he would like the opportunity. I therefore went up to him, told him what the Captain had said to me, but excused myself, and begged him to preach. " No," said he, " the Captain favours you so much, I won't have anything to do with it:—you had better take it yourself." After a little talk, however, he consented to take a part of the service ; and after a little more persuasion I got him to take it all. So, when Sunday came round, I had the pleasure of listening, amongst the others, to a very good discourse.

The above-mentioned Catholic priest was about the funniest, wittiest man whom I have ever met. Many Irishmen seem naturally gifted in the humorous direction. This man overflowed with humour. He was well-stocked with anecdote. He gave us many a treat in listening to his tales and jokes. Time seems to pass slowly on board ship, even under the most favourable circumstances ; but the Father did his best to make the time go by agreeably, and to make us all happy. Then he could be

serious as well as laughable. Every now and then he would retire from the company to his stateroom or to some seat apart on the saloon deck, and for an hour or so would be absorbed in his breviary or his other books of devotion or of theology. He and I got on very well together. He lent me a volume of French sermons on the Lord's Prayer, and also a large volume of Catholic polemical theology. We had frequent and very long conversations. One such talk—about the history and claims of the church—lasted three hours. I remember him with great respect; and when I find myself in the South of Ireland I shall certainly look him up.

There was an American Quaker on board. One day we were promenading; and I got to know that he belonged to the Society. I wanted to know whether he was Orthodox or Hicksite. Never shall I forget the look of horror which overspread his face at the question. He burst out into a vehement tirade against those Hicksite heretics of his community. I could not help putting in a mild plea on the other side,—whereupon he turned his artillery full upon me, and blazed away,—suddenly tearing away with the exclamation that he could no longer talk with an unbeliever. The fit soon passed away,—the sky cleared up in a day or two,—and our relations became mutually satisfactory;—but I can tell you that he had to make all the advances.

We had with us a young American geologist, who had been on the United States Geological Survey, and who was now on his way for a long trip to Europe to prosecute his researches. He was a genial companion. The Irish priest christened him "Old Fossil," and "The Tertiary

Relic." They two had many debates in which they were as wide as the poles asunder, and at the close of which they stood where they stood at the start. We all had great fun together, and much intellectual discussion, in the spacious geological territory.

A word about the merchant captain to India, and the two military Anglo-Indians who were crossing in the vessel. The military men treated us now and then to a word or two of Hindustani, and expatiated at infinite length on the faults and failings of the natives. The Captain contributed arguments as to our tenure of India, which, he held, is one of mere force. I am afraid that there is truth in that, though I trust and believe that intelligent Hindús see already that their connection with England is, on the whole, a good thing for them.

I have left till now my mention of a passenger in whom I felt special interest. He was a Norwegian professor of physics and mechanics in a college in Kristiania. He had been to America to study the Exhibition. If I could speak Scandinavian as well as he can speak English I should be content, and should be able to enjoy a trip to Norway and Sweden some summer. He could read English before he left home; but he had never spoken it; and yet he had not been on board more than a week before he could talk fluently. His conversation was charming to me. The delightful flavour of Scandinavia which was perceptible in his accent and idiom made his bill of fare all the more attractive. We had many a long talk. One day I remember particularly. After three systematic conversations: the English in Ireland, capital punishment, and (I think) Republicanism—I found myself

completely indisposed (so put it mildly), partly by the excitement of debate, and partly with the motion of the sea. The Professor was a born sailor. He had had much experience. Pursuing his scientific researches, in open boats he had braved the sea along the coast of Norway.

Other remarkable people there were on board. There were many with well-marked characteristics and strong individuality. If I live in this village fifty years I shall not see such strongly-marked varieties of human attainment, power, and character. A passenger vessel is a world in miniature. People of many lands, languages, professions, and peculiarities, are there brought together. They see each other face to face for a few days, and then they land, and go their separate ways—never, in most cases, to meet again.

That was a happy life of ours on board the "Indiana." I was not too ill to enjoy it. I could just walk about and take a hand in what was going on. There are not many amusements on board ship; but we made the best of what we had. Chess and draughts were incessant. There were dominoes for those who took any interest in them. Whist and euchre had their admirers and their devotees. To fill up the time, passengers took part in childish games which they would not deign to notice when on land. If you had been there you might frequently have seen an Episcopal minister, a Unitarian minister, a Norwegian Professor, and an eminent Geologist, all playing together with rope-quoits. Sometimes the clock seemed very slow. It was an age from one ship's bell to another. Generally, however, our conversation, games, and promenades bore us pleasantly along. We got

through the time somehow—most of us happy in the thought that every turn of the screw brought us nearer home.

As evening came on, the grand spectacular display entitled "Sunset at Sea" was exhibited gratis. It far surpassed anything which human ingenuity can accomplish that way. It made all human art seem poor. Nature gets up displays far better than human beings can. No investigation ever exhausts the wonder of the world. Wherever the lover of Nature roams he finds new beauty and glory.

At eventide, also, one could stand by the hour entranced, looking at the strange gleam in our track. There was something singularly fascinating about it. Our favourable progress was in the midst of ruin and death. Myriads of creatures die as we swiftly cleave these hurrying, heaving waves,—and they give forth splendour as they die.

The longer I stayed on board the more leisure and inclination I found to examine the ship and admire its wonders. Peering about independently, or going round with the official inspection, what mystery, what variety, what wonder there was! An ocean-steamer like this is a world all to itself.

"There's not a ship that sails the ocean,
But every climate, every soil,
Must bring its tribute, great or small,
And help to build the wooden wall."

We are now tolerably well accustomed to the motion of the ship. It does not distress us as it did. Indeed, we rather enjoy it. As we heave, and swell, and leap along,

we are part of the ship in its exultant career We are
light, buoyant, and bird-like.

“ Before, behind, and all around,
Floats and swings the horizon's bound,
Seems at its distant rim to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the skies,
And then again to turn and sink,
As if we could slide from its outer brink.
Ah! it is not the sea,
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,
But ourselves
That rock and rise
With endless and uneasy motion,
Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.”

The Log is an increasingly-interesting study. Hour by hour and day by day we eagerly note the Log. 300 miles one day, 319 the next, 310 the next, 293 the next—that is the way we go on, making various distances on the various days, but getting nearer home with every day that comes.

I am looking out for Ireland. I have always had an affection for the Emerald Isle ; but I have never longed to see it as I long now. “Ireland in sight!”—is the loudly-shouted cry. It is a welcome sight. From point to point—land distinct—land dim—houses and farms visible—bare rough rocks—golden glory on the slopes :—such are the varying scenes which greet our eager gaze as we coast along South Ireland.

Arrived at Queenstown, we say “Good-bye” to the Father who has done so much to make us happy on this voyage,—then on, still on, coasting along, leaving land, sailing through the night.

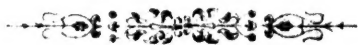
In early morning those of us who are too eager for the landing-time to be able to sleep late can see Welsh land

instead of Irish. We pass one well-remembered point after another.

Then we near the Bar; but we are half-an-hour too late to cross it: so—though it is a very tantalising thing—we must lie out for the next tide.

But never mind! we are at home at last—"safe, safe at home." What a happy ending it is! I know very well I have enjoyed this trip immensely. If it has given you one-hundredth part of the pleasure in listening to me which I have felt in speaking, you may esteem yourselves fortunate. But I am glad it is over. Having been away just this short time, I am very thankful to get back.

"Now I'm once again with those
Who kindly greet me home.
Home again!
Home again!
From a foreign shore;
And oh! it fills my soul with joy
To meet my friends once more!"



ERRORS.

Page	1, line	3—for "irom" (in a few copies) read "from"	
"	4	" 4—for "ah" read "an"	
"	48	" 8	will will
"	55	" 25	lookod looked
	60	9	np up
	60	15	qnite quite
	69	18	timo time
	99	30	being begins
	99	31	Kingtson Kingston
	99	31	rivers river
	105	16	studdied studied
	113	22—"is" superfluous	
	125	19—for "forcable" read "forcible"	
	142	19	anxisous anxious
	142	20	manuvœre manœuvre
	147	19	literally liberally
	147	29	in is
	148	25	realy really
	149	5	chnrches churches
	150	8	implicity implicitly
	158	2	substantialy substantially
	161	9	Unitarian Trinitarian
	161	12	tho the
	166	31	Repulicanism Republicanism
	167	8	Republicans Republicans
	170	22	severly severely
	175	7	econfederacy confederacy